

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 212, Vol. 8.

November 19, 1859.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THERE is nothing surprising in the control which France assumes over the affairs of Italy, but the tone of insult in which the Imperial communications have lately been couched would seem to be gratuitous, and even shortsighted. The natural repugnance which is produced by the necessity of unwilling obedience is greatly aggravated when an arbitrary command is accompanied by a frivolous reason. *Stet pro ratione voluntas*—let Central Italy prolong its condition of uncertainty and helplessness, because the Emperor of the FRENCH does not choose that an independent State should arise from the free union of kindred populations. It is a gratuitous affront to place a veto on Prince EUGENE for fear of a Neapolitan invasion, and to annul the appointment of BUONCOMPAGNI on the ground that a Regency would interfere injuriously with the functions of a Congress. Not long since it was officially announced that the annexation of the Duchies was inexpedient because the welfare of Italy required that a balance of power should be maintained between the Northern and Southern divisions of the Peninsula. The pretence that the nomination of a Piedmontese Prince would lead to the march of a Neapolitan army was not less chimerical, and even more insulting. Few Italian patriots would object to rest their hopes on the issue of a conflict with Naples. If the KING is strong enough to keep down opposition at home while he reconquers the Legations for the Holy See, he will at least confer on the restored Government that kind of right which arises from the possession of superior might. Italian liberty, once suppressed by Italian arms, will lose a large portion of the sympathy which it has hitherto commanded in Europe, nor will it be material to inquire whether the appointment of a Regent chosen from a Royal House constitutes a lawful cause of war between Central Italy and Naples. The sting of the French remonstrance consists in the assumption that Piedmont and Naples stand as foreign Powers on the same footing in relation to Florence and to Bologna, yet it is absurd to say that the appointment of the Prince of CARIGNAN would be legally an act of intervention on the part of Piedmont. On the same principle, Holland might have declared war against Saxe Coburg when Prince LEOPOLD accepted the throne of Belgium.

The objection that the appointment of a Regent anticipates the decision of the Congress is scarcely less nugatory and vexatious. The Great Powers meet, not to dispose at their pleasure of the territories of smaller States, but to take cognizance, as a judicial tribunal, of the facts and rights of possession which have already succeeded in establishing themselves. A Congress anterior to the war must have assumed the rights of the Ducal Houses in their respective States, and it would have confined its interference with the Legations to barren recommendations of administrative reforms. It now becomes the duty of the same Powers to recognise the state of things which has been established by the deliberate will of the native population; and yet the French protest implies that Tuscany and Romagna are to blame because they furnish the plenipotentiaries who are to decide on their fate with the materials which are indispensable to the formation of a rational judgment. Even according to the most extravagant theory of the powers which could be assigned to a Congress, the States and provinces which are to be the objects of its care must adopt some provisional form of existence while they are expecting the irrevocable decision. Parma and Modena, Tuscany and the Legations, have taken the liberty to anticipate the Congress by dismissing their rulers, and, in the case of Tuscany, the revolution was honoured by the presence of a French Prince, escorted by a division of the French army. Finding the inconvenience of living

under four temporary Governments, the provinces of Central Italy have agreed on the nomination of a joint Regent, and their choice naturally represented their ulterior purpose of amalgamation with the Sardinian Monarchy. It is difficult to believe that the domineering opposition which they have experienced arises from an anxious care to reserve the rights of Russia, of Prussia, and of England. One, at least, of the parties to the expected Congress would gladly abstain from dictating that union of Central and Northern Italy which, voluntarily adopted, solves all the material difficulties of the question. Count WALEWSKI's Circular, as well as the official or semi-official declarations of the French papers, would seem to imply that the Congress is expected to adopt measures in which it is impossible for England to concur. The insolent system of agitation by which the animosity of the French people has lately been excited against their unoffending neighbours is probably intended to deter the English Government from any imprudent opposition to the Imperial will. The practical result will be found in the difficulty which Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL may experience if they have occasion to make any ostensible concessions to France. The contempt of Englishmen for a public opinion created and circulated by Prefects is not incompatible with a wholesome resentment when any form of intimidation is attempted.

Notwithstanding all the discouragements which they have experienced, the Italians, if they have firmness to persevere, have still many chances in their favour. Of the five Great Powers, Austria alone is openly and professedly hostile to the national cause; England is friendly; Prussia leans rather to England than to France; and of Russia it is only known that her hostility to Austria has not relaxed with the renewal of friendship between the late belligerents. The Italian Governments will occupy an anomalous position; for Piedmont, Naples, and the Holy See, divided among themselves by irreconcilable differences, will leave a fourth part of Italy nominally unrepresented. The enigma of French policy still remains, and it may possibly admit of a favourable solution. It may be argued that Count WALEWSKI's advocacy of an impossible Confederation is merely intended to reduce the stipulations of Villafranca and Zurich to a visible absurdity. Obligations which cannot conveniently be repudiated may nevertheless be exposed as utterly impracticable. It is incredible that Austria should really intend to join an Italian League, with the consequence of submitting, in the affairs of Venetia, to the control of Piedmont. The honorary presidency of the POPE over the Sovereign whom he is incessantly consigning to perdition forms only one of the minor impediments to the Confederation. It is possible that NAPOLEON III. may foresee, in the rejection of his favourite scheme, an opportunity for liberating himself from the improvident undertakings which were suggested by his natural eagerness for peace.

In maintaining their claims before the Congress, the Italians may refer with pride to their recent conduct in peace and in war. In one of the bloodiest campaigns ever experienced by France, the proportionate loss was greater in the Piedmontese army than among the French or the Austrians; and the exploits of GARIBALDI proved, not only the gallantry of Italian soldiers, but the popularity of the national cause with that part of the population which had often been calumniated as friendly to the Austrian rule. For six months all Central Italy has maintained peace and order, under every discouragement which could be imposed on a liberated people and on a provisional Government. The country which, according to Mr. DISRAELI, was honeycombed by secret societies and ignorant of political moderation, has steadily offered to Europe, through a ruling aristocracy of property and education, the pledge of order which is furnished by union with a constitutional monarchy.

If argument and reason prove ineffective, accomplished facts will still necessarily influence the decisions of the Congress. Without an intervention on the part of France or Austria, the five Powers will have no means of carrying into execution any measures which the majority may approve for the suppression of Italian independence. No English, or Prussian, or Russian army will march upon Romagna under the banners of the Pope. France will not allow Austria to interfere; and the only remaining alternative is a wanton and brutal attack upon Italy by the very army which lately conquered Lombardy from Austria. The inhabitants of the Legations are perfectly capable of dealing with the Papal troops, and Piedmont is more than able to keep Naples in check. The alternative, therefore, of independence or of foreign conquest still remains for Italy, notwithstanding the patronizing menaces of France. The Emperor NAPOLEON may feel a well-founded confidence in the willingness of his army and of his generals to support a crusade against Italian liberty as readily as an unprovoked attack upon Austria. It may not be equally prudent to set at defiance the unanimous opinion of France and of Europe. England, at least, is nearly tired of the dictatorship which keeps the world in perpetual commotion.

TAXES AND LABOURERS.

THE Liverpool Financial Association hold a meeting next week, we believe, to denounce the principal items of the Excise and Customs duties. As Mr. BRIGHT attacks the Income-tax, while the Association takes the field against the Customs and Excise, it is clear that their arguments neutralize each other. There is no taxation except direct and indirect taxation; there is no considerable source of revenue in England except those which the Birmingham gentleman and the Liverpool gentlemen repudiate between them; so that our agitators are obviously being driven to the necessity—most abhorrent to them—of declaring, not what taxes they dislike, but what are the articles of expenditure in which they wish to economize. The utmost scraping and paring could scarcely diminish the cost of civil administration by half a million; and one is forced, therefore, to ask whether there is any conspiracy against the great items of expenditure which remain. Is the army to be reduced? Is the navy to be starved? Is the National Debt to be repudiated? Mr. BRIGHT, since his return to political life, has been particularly chary of remarks on the philosophy of war and peace, and the Association has grown cautious since its pamphlets denied the obligation to pay interest on the funded debt; yet the agitation must be presumed to have some meaning, and since its authors are too obviously in league for it to be possible to suppose that they are only disputing as to the best source of revenue, we can only infer that they have agreed to save the nation one or other of its greater disbursements. The declaimers against taxation must be forced to tell us in what field their triumphs of parsimony are to be won. So long as he is allowed to do so, Mr. BRIGHT will, of course, avoid the true point, and keep to the personal question. Throughout his career he has been unfortunate enough to create everywhere the impression that he hates men infinitely more than abuses or institutions—landlords more than Protectionists, officers in red coats more than the Crimean war, clergymen in lawn-sleeves more than a Church establishment.

The proposition which Mr. BRIGHT substitutes for a pertinent statement of his views is surely a very marvel of assurance. There have no doubt been aristocracies—such as that which fell at the first French Revolution—which really did support their younger members by military service, the expenses of which were exclusively defrayed by the peasantry; but if there is one thing more than another of which the classes enjoying ascendancy in the English Parliament may be proud, it is their tenderness to the labourer in the matter of taxation. Hardly a month ago, Mr. BRIGHT was reduced to proclaiming that every man, woman, and child in these realms paid in taxes—we forget how much—say forty shillings a year. This is a wondrous example of the fallacy of averages. It is said that a statistician, wishing to illustrate the wealth of the City of London, observed to a friend that the average income of the persons standing out of the rain under a particular archway was thirty thousand a year. The persons under the archway proved to be Baron ROTHSCHILD and a chimney-sweep. The working-classes in England have assuredly the chimney-sweep's share in tax-paying. Whatever be the immensity of the taxation which presses

on the easier classes, it is no extravagant paradox to say that the English labourer pays nothing at all. He pays nothing on his bread, nothing on his meat, nothing on his clothes, nothing on his house. Certain indulgences, which come near being necessities—tea, beer, and tobacco—still bear, it is true, the burden of some not very heavy imposts; but everybody knew long before the Liverpool agitators took up the matter, that whenever the expenditure of the State could be reduced, the duties on these commodities would be the first to go. At the present moment England is, we believe, the only country in the whole world in which a man can support life without paying any taxes whatever. Compare the position of our working man with that of the French labourer, whose Government levies protective imposts on every single article he eats or puts on—with octroi-duties in addition, if he lives in a town, on the very vegetables which form the bulk of his meagre fare. Compare the English operative with the American citizen, who, without one lord to oppress him from Canada to Mexico, has nevertheless to pay tribute on his clothes to the Lowell spinning companies, and on iron, the first necessary of production, to the masters of the Pennsylvanian forges. Of course there is no one in any country who is not more or less affected by the remote and indirect operation of taxation. But the English mechanic really only feels it so far as it limits production, and thus curtails employment. That does not, however, alter the fact that the working class has here been relieved from immediate contribution to the public purse with a solicitude unrivalled in the history of the world.

These considerations, which emerge on the very first aspects of our fiscal system, bring into staring prominence the fundamental vice of Mr. BRIGHT's political projects, which propose to confide the exaction and disposal of the taxes to the class which does not pay any part of them—an inversion of natural propriety only paralleled by the Socialist schemes for making supply govern demand (instead of demand governing supply), so that the producer shall determine what amount of commodities are to be created, and at what rate he is to be paid for them. The most startling feature of the new Reform theory is, however, its claim to be regarded as a great improvement in Constitutional Government, and as a contrivance for securing diminution of taxation. So far as Constitutional Government is concerned, a measure for withdrawing the control of the taxes from the tax-payer sets aside the principle out of which all Constitutional Government grew, and on which it ultimately rests. As for the diminution of taxation, it is sufficient to say that the demands of the Trades Unions—the only authorized exponents of the working classes to be found at present in England—involve the imposition of a great system of protective duties; while everybody who has watched the theories in favour with the analogous section of society in other countries is aware that they pre-suppose enormous expenditure which is to be exclusively defrayed out of the pockets of the tax-paying classes. But in seeking to reduce taxation by a large extension of the franchise, Mr. BRIGHT shows, neither for the first nor for the fiftieth time, that he might just as well be a Buckinghamshire country gentleman for all he seems to know of what the operatives want, and of the means by which they think they can obtain their objects. Whatever be the explanation of the fact, he does not understand even his Lancashire "hands." He has not a theory in common with them, and therefore, to do him justice, he does not affect to sympathize with their opinions. The great secret of his success as a speaker and debater has always been his naturalness. He never studies an audience with the view of framing arguments which may be supposed peculiarly palatable to it. He employs the reasoning which is most convincing to his own mind, and clothes it in the words which ring most sharply in his own ears. He appeals exclusively to his own prejudices. Whether he is addressing the House of Commons, or a room full of working men, he speaks exactly as if he were speaking to an assembly of master-manufacturers. The speeches he has lately delivered and the letters he has written become intelligible when regarded as intended to win upon capitalist cotton-spinners. The ruling passions of men of Mr. BRIGHT's order are hatred of lords and hatred of taxes. When, therefore, Mr. BRIGHT has operatives to deal with, he quietly assumes that the predominance of the aristocracy and the calls of the tax-gatherer are their principal grievances. His invectives against the territorial aristocracy are tolerably successful—only a degree or two less successful than would

be a declamation against the aristocracy of Lancashire capitalists. But the woes of the tax-payer have to be set to a strange tune before they find a responsive chord in the working-man's breast.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.

THE Spanish Circular, with its obvious misstatements, and the plaintive counter-protestation of the injured party, alike confirm the general belief that no concessions could have averted the premeditated attack on Morocco. The Government wishes for popularity, the army wants employment and glory, and the nation, after some generations of degradation and confusion, desires to revive its consciousness of unity and strength by a course of action in which all classes and parties can unite. Even the partially-plundered Church hastens to sanction with its benediction an enterprise which resembles the Crusades as the Gothic architecture of forty years ago resembled its mediæval pattern. For the moment, O'DONNELL combines the sympathies of sentimental antiquaries with the applause of the newest sect of political theorists. In recommending the enterprises of the Cid, of Cardinal XIMENES, and of CHARLES V., he is at the same time following the example, and perhaps adopting the inspirations, of the Emperor NAPOLEON III. Although war is on the whole immoral, and aggression reprehensible, the Spanish enterprise is not altogether discreditable to the national character. Notwithstanding the well-known moderation of English policy, it is possible that if the Straits of Gibraltar had been situated in the Channel, Tangier and Tetuan would long since have been included in the list of British possessions. The war which has just commenced is naturally regarded with dissatisfaction by the Power which, holding Gibraltar, is also most deeply interested in the freedom of the Mediterranean; but the Spanish Government appears for the present to have given plausible guarantees against the mischievous consequences of its own success. The uncertainty of the future, the possible intrigues of France, the relation of the expedition to the rumoured scheme for the repartition of the Western world, furnish no tangible ground for opposition or remonstrance. A Government which is unable to protect neutral residents from insult and massacre, must bear the consequences of its own imbecility, and of the barbarism of its nominal subjects.

It is desirable to accept with a good grace a state of affairs which cannot for the present be altered. The childish jealousy against England which French agents have easily excited throughout Spain will probably die away when it is found that there is no solid pretext for suspicion or hostility. The interest of England in the regeneration of Spain is perfectly genuine and reasonable, although it is unavoidably checked by prudent vigilance. The restoration of a great and independent Power in the Peninsula would furnish an additional security for peace; but the degree of Spanish prosperity which provides France with a subordinate ally can only be regarded with hesitating and hopeful approval. If Marshal O'DONNELL can raise his Sovereign to a position of perfect independence, he may safely count on the cordial alliance of the English Government and nation. The policy of restoring the greatness of the Monarchy by the device of picking a quarrel with the Moors will not be too closely criticised, if it is found to have been justified by success. The decorous professions of the diplomatic circular might have been subjected to considerable doubt, even if the simple Mahometan publicists in Africa had abstained from questioning the truth of the Ministerial assertions. The great preparations by land and by sea constitute the best commentary on the supposed anxiety of the Government for the maintenance of peace. If it had been thought desirable to succeed by negotiation, the armaments would certainly have been deferred until an open rupture had made them indispensable. The garrisons of the African forts might have been strengthened at comparatively small expense, and there was no method except an attack on Ceuta or Melilla by which the enemy could have commenced the war. It is nevertheless desirable that Governments should recognise, by conventional apologies for war, the tribunal of European opinion to which they virtually appeal. The religious or national war which at present excites the whole Spanish nation is but slightly connected with the answers which the SULTAN'S Minister may have rendered to successive remonstrances; yet it is right that the Government should formally allow that even an infidel foreigner is not

to be attacked without a plausible excuse. It is true that, in dealing with semi-barbarous neighbours, there is never serious difficulty in finding an apology for a quarrel.

The language of the Spanish Government, as well as the extent of the preparations for war, would seem to indicate an intention of conquering or occupying a considerable portion of the hostile territory. The highly legitimate enterprise of punishing the Riff pirates will be difficult to accomplish, and inoperative on the general results of the war. The predatory tribes of the coast are practically independent of the SULTAN, nor have they either property or political organization to lose. Their light craft, if it cannot be hidden, may easily be replaced; nor will their hereditary morals and habits be permanently reformed by the temporary repression and chastisement of their outrages. The only effective method of dealing with pirates consists in their expulsion from their haunts; and to prevent their return, it is necessary that permanent military posts should be established in the neighbourhood. If the Spaniards will perform this duty by the troublesome marauders of the Riff, they will be entitled to the gratitude of remoter European nations. The task might have been accomplished without a formal war with Morocco, and it will be undertaken in vain if the final abatement of the nuisance is made to depend on any future treaty with the Mahometan Government. The pirates of the coast neither regard the authority of the SULTAN nor feel themselves bound by his engagements. At present, their best chance of impunity consists in the occupation of the Spanish forces in a more extensive system of operations.

It is said, probably with truth, that the native population in general is eager and ready for the contest. Their religious zeal, though it is no longer the enthusiasm which overran half the world, is probably less artificial than the conventional fanaticism which has been pressed into the service of the invaders. There is not an inhabitant of Morocco who would be insensible to the pleasure of killing a Christian, and the desire of plunder is a passion still more exciting and universal. The different provinces of the kingdom, although they may willingly combine in hostile operations, will probably not feel any strong mutual sympathy for the sufferings to which they may in turn be exposed. The population on the coast, who will be immediately exposed to the Spanish operations by land and sea, will be forced to regard the warlike tribes of the interior with alarm as well as with hope. If recent accounts may be trusted, every successive rumour of war has brought down fresh auxiliaries, who seem inclined to commence their services to the common cause by sacking the principal maritime towns. The French conquest of Algeria was accomplished by slow degrees at an enormous cost in money as well as in men. The north-western part of the African coast is probably more populous than the French possessions, and the Spaniards have a civil and military administration to construct, while at home they have hitherto been exempt from the Continental system of conscription. After carrying on successful wars with half-civilized races in every quarter of the world, Englishmen are fully aware of the inevitable superiority of a regular European army. It is probable that O'DONNELL will be to a certain extent victorious, but he may afterwards find great difficulty in concluding a useful and satisfactory peace. Prudence and moderation may perhaps enable him to retire with a fair show of success, and in a few months of actual war the crusading excitement of the country will have cooled down into a manageable temperature.

The clamour against England will subside still more rapidly, if it is not kept alive by irritating language. It might not even be impossible to rouse the national pride in opposition to the absurd deference which is paid to the inspirations of France. At least, it is unnecessary to be either irritated or alarmed by a kind of agitation which has been repeatedly promoted without effect in almost every part of Europe. Continental rulers and statesmen, when they are thwarted in any diplomatic intrigue, are constantly in the habit of appealing to the vulgar prejudices against England which naturally arise from ignorance and envy. At this moment, the French officials are cultivating Anglophobia in preparation for the Congress, and the author of the disturbance amuses himself by inducing Spanish vanity to echo the suggestions of foreign ambition. When England is fully armed, or when the Italian question is settled, the French newspapers will have to comply with counter-instructions. If the Spaniards wish for the credit of originality, they will anticipate the retraction of their neighbours.

THE DEFENCE COMMISSION.

IT is to be feared that, until the report of the Defence Commission appears, no really adequate steps will be taken to guard against the perils which are thickening around us. Notwithstanding the alacrity with which Rifle Corps have been formed, and the universal demand for a more energetic development of the navy, it may be doubted whether the country is even yet fully alive to the serious character of the crisis which has stimulated the preparations already made, and which will call for still greater efforts before it can be effectually encountered. All Englishmen, with a very few notorious exceptions, are agreed that the navy ought to be strengthened, and the country generally put into a state of defence. To some extent this feeling has operated upon our naval and military authorities, and it would perhaps have exercised a more potent influence but for a prevalent affectation which may be traced even among those who profess to approve of energetic measures of precaution. It has become a sort of fashionable commonplace to assign any reason but the true one for our defensive precautions. There is a childish dread of being charged with panic, and one constantly hears an orator insisting on vigorous preparations, and almost in the same breath denying the existence of any considerable danger. Some persons seem to think that they would tarnish their reputation for courage if they were to avow their belief that England is threatened with a great danger—that after all that has been done, she is not prepared, either by land or sea, to meet it as it should be met—and that for this reason the precautionary measures which would at any time be prudent have become a necessity, if the greatness, the honour, or even the existence of the country is to be maintained. In order to avoid this plain speaking, one man will tell you that he is an advocate for naval and military preparations because he thinks them the best means for preventing the recurrence of discreditable panics. Another takes part in a volunteer movement ostensibly because he considers military exercises a very useful and invigorating kind of national pastime. A third, coming a little nearer to the truth, is content to dwell on the prudential consideration that even in the fairest weather it is quite as well to be prepared for storms. All this affectation probably covers an amount of alarm quite as great as is felt by those who honestly avow the truth that the country is threatened with an attack which she is not yet ready to repel effectually, and which might in a few days destroy the prosperity and greatness which it has been the work of centuries to create.

It is only because this conviction is very widely spread, that the building of ships and the organization of volunteers have become the favourite topics of the day; but no mere smouldering anxiety will bring the efforts of the people or the Government up to the level of the present emergency. Nothing less than the open acknowledgment of the existence of real peril will supply the stimulus which is needed to urge on our lagging preparations. Many persons are withheld by a feeling of false shame from fairly grappling with the vital questions—Are we likely to be attacked? Is the invasion of our coast, or even the occupation of London by a foreign army, a contingency which we have a right to regard as beyond the pale of possibility?

These are not questions to be disposed of by vapouring and ridicule. A rational estimate of the political position of France gives the answer to the one, and the concurrent testimony of all naval and military men is conclusive as to the other. Looking at the present temper of the French people—the increasing ascendancy of the army—the passion for war and glory which the Italian campaign has left unsatisfied—the bitter hatred of England, which has revived after the fulsome mockery of friendship which was in fashion at the commencement of the Russian war—it is impossible to doubt that France is thirsting for a war with England. If the mere existence of this feeling in a country where the very thought of the people is fashioned for them by Government agency, were not enough to prove the dispositions of the EMPEROR, the steady and daily-increasing activity in his dockyards would convict even a more truthful and sincere ally than the Imperial General who makes war “like a conspirator.” When a quarrel may grow up, or be manufactured, no one can say; but two countries cannot remain face to face in the present attitude of France and England, without coming sooner or later to the rupture which seems to be the aim of all NAPOLEON’S mysterious policy. It is not only probable, but morally certain, that unless we can render an invasion utterly hopeless, the attempt will be made—and made with

all the suddenness and rapidity which the vast armaments of France, and the unfathomable duplicity of her master, can ensure.

What the issue would be must depend on the fortune of war; but no one competent to pronounce an opinion has ventured to say that the landing of a French army, followed by the occupation of London and Woolwich, is a wholly imaginary danger. It is to render this calamity impossible that men of all ranks are invited to arm, and that seamen are tempted by unusual offers to form themselves into a Naval Reserve. It is because the requisite security is not yet attained that a Commission is now sitting to examine the state of the national defences, and to suggest the means by which the soil of England may be preserved inviolate. It may be that their Report will confirm the least sanguine estimate of our position, and demand new measures of protection far beyond anything which has yet been done; and it will be an important part of the duty of the Commissioners to prove the imminent necessity for the precautions which they can scarcely fail to recommend. The cost, whatever it may be, will be utterly insignificant when set against the evils which are implied in the bare possibility of a successful invasion. It is not a question of how much it may be worth while to spend as an insurance against so fearful a calamity. There can be but one voice in the country, when once it learns to appreciate the risks of an invasion. The thing must not be. England is rich enough and strong enough to avert such ruin, and for such a purpose no price is too great to pay. Mr. BRIGHT is almost the only man in the country who has ever attempted to underrate the evils of a foreign occupation; but even those who do not sympathize with his disinterested remark that the Frenchmen would not stop our cotton mills, are probably far from realizing all that is involved in the fact of an enemy gaining a foothold in such a country as this. Almost every European State has, in its turn, seen a foreign army in possession of its capital. Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Moscow, and Paris itself, have undergone and survived this deep humiliation. England alone has enjoyed an exceptional immunity, and there may be some who think that, grievous as the loss and dishonour would be, it would stop short in our case, as it has done in others, of utter and irretrievable ruin. A moment’s thought should be enough to satisfy any Englishman that the supposed analogy between this island and the Continental States is without foundation. Our insular position, which has hitherto averted the approach of war, would render it doubly terrible when it came. The revulsion of feeling which would be inevitable after centuries of immunity would itself aggravate the disastrous effect of even a temporary reverse. The limited extent of the country would preclude the possibility of a prolonged struggle when once a superior force had succeeded in establishing itself upon our soil. From the coast to the metropolis is but a few days’ march, and in a country intersected with roads in every direction, guerilla warfare would be a desperate game when once the regular army had suffered a decisive defeat. The elaborate commercial organization of Great Britain, to which we owe so much of our prosperity, would make us ten times more vulnerable than any other country in the world. London is the heart of England, as England is the centre of the British Empire. Through a thousand veins and arteries, the life of the metropolis feeds the energies of every provincial centre, and flows to the farthest extremities of our wide-spread colonies. A successful blow at the heart would paralyse the whole organization. The inevitable suspension of the Bank of England, the ruin of the great commercial houses of the metropolis, the destruction of credit, and the disappearance of the precious metals, would be instantly followed by the universal collapse of commerce and Government by the loss of the material means of defence, and the destruction of the wealth which, if used in time, may be made to avert the threatened ruin. The very perfection of our commercial organization, which is now our strength, would become our weakness. The whole country must stand or fall together; and just in proportion to its superiority in the arts of peaceful industry, would be the sensitiveness of every interest to the first shock of actual hostilities. No imagination can picture beforehand the utter prostration which would follow the occupation of London. The experience of other countries affords no parallel. A race of peasant proprietors suffers little by the presence of an enemy in a capital which is nothing to them but a centre of political power. But a nation whose strength is in its trade and industry, which draws its nourishment from the pulse that vibrates from one

common centre, can scarcely hope to maintain an effectual struggle after the heart of all its vital energies has ceased to beat. These are not mere dreams of ours, but the deliberate opinions of those who are best entitled to speak with authority of the laws which sway the commercial life of England.

But why dwell on contingencies so remote as these? Certainly not from any doubt whether English heroism would do all that could be done to resist any attempt to invade our soil. If the terrible signal were given to-morrow, there would be a brave fight against all the force which could be brought against us. But it would be a fight against odds, while a little more effort on the part of the Government, and a scarcely appreciable sacrifice out of our surplus wealth, would place us above the possibility of foreign aggression. The question whether England is to be safe from invasion ought not to depend on the chance of a conflict with equal fleets and superior armies. The dockyards which supply our chief defence ought not to be exposed to the destruction which no power on earth could prevent if an enemy were for four-and-twenty hours in command of the narrow seas. England ought to be the Gibraltar of nations, secure and impregnable, not so much by the works which may be thrown up to protect her most vulnerable points, as by the constant vigilance of a preponderating fleet, and an army of regulars and volunteers strong enough to crush on the instant the largest force which favouring accidents might enable to land upon our shores. This is our measure of sufficient defence; and we shall be equally surprised and disappointed if the Royal Commissioners should be content with a lower standard of what the necessities of the country call for, and the patriotism of the people will be ready to give. And we repeat it—we are not yet armed up to, or nearly up to, this point of assured safety. The liberty, the independence, the wealth, and the honour of the country are too precious to be staked on any doubtful contest; and there cannot be half a dozen men in the whole community who would grudge the cost which would insure us against the loss of all that constitutes the pride and happiness of England.

AMERICAN POLITICS AND SLAVE DISTURBANCES.

THE Harper's Ferry insurrection fills all the recently arrived American journals, but it is almost impossible to invest it with interest sufficient to attract English attention. It was an insane attempt, by a handful of desperadoes accustomed to Kansas ways and Kansas warfare, to repeat on a different theatre the scenes which are of everyday occurrence on the Missouri border. The open violence and the proclamation of a new Constitution are common incidents of Kansas life, but the wildest Freesoiler or Border Ruffian would scarcely have dreamed of transporting them to the Atlantic coast if he had not been carried away by the frenzy of a leader whom the assassination of a beloved son seems to have turned into a furious madman. The Americans appear to be thoroughly astonished—a good deal more astonished than alarmed—at this sudden proximity of a sort of outrage hitherto only seen hazily in the descriptions of newspaper correspondents. Englishmen are, perhaps, a little in the habit of forgetting that American pioneers, unlike our own, engage in their wild life without being separated from the mother-country by "shadowing mountains and sounding sea." Nothing but a land-journey, long and yet not remarkably difficult, divides the most civilized portions of the United States from countries which bear to the old States exactly the same relation which the Australian diggings or the Caffre frontier bear to England and Scotland. The outbreak at Harper's Ferry would be just paralleled in England if a party of miners from Ballarat were to seize Woolwich dockyard and proclaim the emancipation of labour from the thralldom of capital—stipulating, at the same time, that the QUEEN, the LORD CHANCELLOR, MR. BRIGHT, and MR. POTTER should be parties to any convention which sanctioned their claims. The public of the elder States was at first startled and then half-amused by the intelligence; but, at the same time, the sensitive barometer of American politics rises and falls under the influence of events much less important than even a ridiculous attempt to create a servile insurrection. Though the Americans are perfectly well aware that neither in the North nor in the South is society threatened with disturbance by conspiracies like that of these unlucky madmen, they are sufficiently conscious that such an occurrence may seriously affect the chances of the next Presidential election. From an electioneering point of view, but from this only, has the Harper's Ferry insurrection the slightest interest.

Those of our readers who have not been too much engrossed by recent European events to follow the winding thread of American politics will remember that, after the united South, aided by a few Northern States, had carried Mr. BUCHANAN into power, the successful Democratic party was almost immediately divided by a fierce dispute. The author of the schism, Mr. DOUGLAS, the Senator for Illinois, was the originator of the very measure on the subject of Kansas which roused the Northern States to such vehement indignation, and so nearly seated Colonel FREMONT in the Presidential chair. At the first meeting of Congress after the Presidential election, Mr. DOUGLAS differed from the bulk of his party on the merits of the Bill proposed by the new Government for the settlement of Kansas. To an English eye the shade of difference is almost imperceptible; but the Illinois senator now certainly intended to lean towards the side least favourable to the South and Slavery. As Mr. DOUGLAS—the most rising, perhaps, of the younger generation of American public men—enjoys by universal acclaim the honour of being considered decidedly the most unprincipled politician in the United States, it is not surprising that speculation has been busy as to his motives. One reason is no doubt rightly assigned for his conduct, in the general impression that he had discovered a mistake on his own part, and was anxious to correct it. He had underrated the patience of the North under the aggressions of the South, and was desirous of renewing the broken ties of his connexion with the section of the country to which he belonged by natural affinity. At the same time, he was very generally believed to have been actuated by more ambitious hopes. American parties have of late years fallen into the bad habit of selecting their champions, not among the most eminent of their members, nor even among the men who have rendered them most service, but only from those who are most likely to succeed. The Republicans, in particular—who, though including nearly the whole of the old Federalist, Whig, or Conservative party, expressly refuse to trace their pedigree to any of the existing organizations, and profess to welcome recruits from every quarter—might not be indisposed to accept an ally so powerful as Mr. DOUGLAS, and to adopt as their candidate a politician who still commanded a considerable personal following. But, if these were Mr. DOUGLAS's hopes, they were disappointed. The Republicans showed no sign of acquiescing in his leadership, and the only result of the schism he had provoked among the Democrats was a long string of Republican successes at the local autumn elections. No sooner, however, were the autumn contests over than the wheel of politics gave another turn. The Southern States, rendered anxious by the triumphs of the Anti-Slavery party, and disposed to waive all personal objections rather than run the danger of having the next President a Republican, began to think of reconciling themselves to Mr. DOUGLAS. Though he had recently thwarted their policy, he was too much compromised by the part he had taken in the earlier Kansas legislation to be able to go far in opposition to the slave-holders. On the whole, if the South was under the necessity of voting for a Northern candidate—and without such a candidate it must certainly be beaten—Mr. DOUGLAS was the person whose success would be least dangerous to Southern institutions, while, at the same time, his recent movements had increased his prospects of success through the popularity he had acquired in the North. For a while, it seemed exceedingly probable that Mr. DOUGLAS would be adopted as the Democratic and Southern candidate for Mr. BUCHANAN's succession.

The disturbance at Harper's Ferry has materially altered all these calculations. Although the South certainly feels that the outbreak proves rather its strength than its weakness, it has instantly felt the advantage of using Brown's treason as a means of working on the timidity of the North. A number of letters have been found on the persons of the insurrectionary leader and his accomplices, written by members of the old Abolitionist party, now included in the Republicans, but forming its most turbulent section. These letters were almost certainly written to encourage Brown in his resistance to the Missouri Border Ruffians; but it has not been difficult to represent them as intended to work him up to this insane attempt on the Constitution of the United States. As the entire policy of the South consists in disjoining from the mass of Northern citizens a number sufficient to turn the scale in Presidential elections, by working on their passions or their fears, it has eagerly appealed, by the help of this correspondence, to the timidity of the Free States. Both the great Northern parties are highly sus-

ceptible of such influences. The Republicans include many who, though disgusted by the aggressive attitude maintained of late years by the South, feel no sort of wish to interfere with the slave-owners while confined to their legitimate area, and are exceedingly afraid of being compromised by the extreme Abolitionists of the *Uncle Tom* school. The Democratic party, on the other hand, is pre-eminently the party of the feeble and fainthearted. Though it exists by keeping the State machinery in the hands of the rabble, it has not the least wish to alter or improve the machine itself. Though radical and levelling, it is not the least revolutionary, and, indeed, is far less inclined to innovation than the other side. The Democrats look with much less favour than the Republicans on Socialist experiments, on repudiation of public obligations, and on encroachments upon the Federal Constitution; and hence it is that some of the very richest men in New York and the great Atlantic cities are, and always have been, Democrats. The late outbreak has, therefore, given the South the opportunity of consolidating that Democratic confederacy with which it has an ancient alliance, and of frightening the large mass of fluctuating voters from joining themselves, as they most probably would have done, to the Republicans. It has, at the same time, become less absolutely necessary to swallow the bitter pill of Mr. DOUGLAS's leadership; and it is likely that the South will be able to impose on its friends in the North, if not a Southern citizen, at all events a politician bound hand and foot to slaveholding interests. Mr. PIERCE, the President who preceded Mr. BUCHANAN, and certainly the least respectable in the whole series of American chief magistrates, is for the moment mentioned as the Southern candidate, but the observer of American politics knows that a week or even a day may put some other, and possibly quite unknown, name into everybody's mouth. Mr. PIERCE's paltry insults to England will render Englishmen little solicitous for his success; and all that can be said for him here is, that he will probably give us less trouble than would Mr. DOUGLAS, who is wondered at even in the United States for the reckless ferocity of his diatribes against the British.

EUROPEAN DIFFICULTIES.

AT a time when the French army is being stimulated to claim an invasion of England as its due, when Italy is in arms, and the Papacy is dividing nation against nation and house against house, we have an abundance of difficulties apparent on the surface which we know must be settled in some way or other before Europe can again be at peace. But modern interests are so interwoven, and the actual adjustment of all important questions is determined by so many small causes as well as by larger ones, that if we want to calculate probabilities, we must take remoter and minor difficulties into account before we attempt to guess how great points are likely to be decided. After we have thought over the position and intentions of France, and the relations which she and England and Russia mutually hold to each other, we come back at last to our old friends, the two sick men of Europe, and find that there is the starting-point of all political speculation. For the affairs of Austria and Turkey are not like the affairs of other European Powers. As to other Powers, we speculate what they are likely to do—whether they can hurt us, and whether they can hurt each other. As to Austria and Turkey, we speculate whether they can possibly save themselves from dissolution. There are distinct assignable elements of disturbance at work in those two unhappy empires which must be overcome, or the empires themselves will break up. All European statesmen know this, and the knowledge is certain to affect in the most direct and material manner the coming settlement of Italian affairs.

The kind of dangers to which Austria and Turkey are exposed may be stated very briefly. They reign over subjects who wish their reign to cease, and the only reason why the disaffected do not have their own way is because they do not unite; yet they are now beginning to unite on a scale and with a publicity which show that they think their hour is come. Austria has to hold down both Venetia and Hungary. The nature of her tenure of power in Venetia is something almost incomprehensible to Englishmen. They can have no conception of the utter separation of the conquerors and the conquered, of the intense loathing of the one for the other, of the awful deadly atmosphere of distrust and suspicion that prevails throughout the country. The Austrians are literally

"cut" by every man and woman, rich or poor, good or bad, of the two millions of human beings among whom the strategical strength of the famous Quadrilateral condemns and enables them to live. The commonest civilities are denied to the most courteous of Austrian officers—the easiest virtue is deaf to the sound of Austrian gold. Neither kindness nor bribery will purchase even the insincere friendship of the classes that usually cluster in every country around the rich and the strong. Venice itself is like a city of the dead—its palaces deserted, its young men gone, its trade paralysed. The freedom of Lombardy seems to have doubled the hatred of the Venetians for their foreign conquerors. Of course, so long as Austria has German troops to send into Venetia, and holds the fortresses on the Mincio and Adige, she will be mistress of the country. But to hold a country on the terms on which Austria now holds Venice is an enormous tax, not only on the purse and the military resources of a conquering State, but on the fidelity of her soldiers. And yet Venice is by no means the greatest difficulty that Austria has to deal with. She has to face Hungary, and the Hungarians have now reached such a pitch of confidence that at the banquet given in honour of the Hungarian Primate, an Austrian Archduke was asked to drink to the Hungarian Constitution. It was much as if, at the table of the Archbishop of DUBLIN, the Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND were asked to drink to the Repeal of the Union. The Austrian officials are utterly unable to stop the tide of Hungarian nationality which has set so strongly in, and public talk is rapidly passing from the stage at which it was asked what terms should be exacted from the EMPEROR to the stage at which it is inquired who shall be chosen to replace, as Sovereign of Hungary, the head of the House of HAPSBURG. Perhaps, however, there is a greater danger to Austria than even Venice or Hungary. She is threatened with a general rising of her Eastern outlying provinces. And here the fortunes of the Emperor of AUSTRIA are linked with those of his sick brother of TURKEY. There can, we think, be no doubt that a movement is gaining strength and consistency daily, the intended result of which is a general rising of her Slavonic tribes against Austria, and of the SULTAN's Christian subjects against Turkey. Servia enjoys sufficient independence to be the focus of this movement; and if events are left to take their course, and foreign Powers do not interfere, the time may soon come when the SULTAN will have to defend Constantinople against his own subjects, and Austria to rely on her eight millions of German against the five-and-twenty millions of her non-German subjects.

Dangers like these must necessarily tell on Italian affairs. They must affect the terms on which, if the Congress meets, its deliberations will be based, and they must colour the opinions and modify the wishes of the most important among the deliberators. The scheme favoured by LOUIS NAPOLEON, of Venetia remaining under Austria, with none but Italian troops quartered there, and the fortresses delivered over to federal troops, is an absurdity glaring enough to every one, but doubly so to those who know the present attitude of the Venetians to their conquerors. Probably, also, the horrors of the social existence of Austrians in Venice may make them rather indifferent to the glory of occupying any other part of Italy on the same terms. The day may also very soon come when Austria will have to choose between Hungary and Venice; and even the folly of an Austrian Government may shrink from purchasing the honour of ruling in one corner of Italy at the cost of the possessions which alone give her weight in Germany and Europe. She is also likely to be warned by the advice of her nearest neighbours not to seek her ruin in the unprofitable field of Italian quarrels. However much Prussia and Austria may hate each other, and however determined Prussia may be to be ultimately supreme in Germany, it cannot possibly be the interest of Prussia, at a time when she is in face of the French Empire seeking whom it may devour, to break up the Power with whom she must unite if Germany is to be safe. Possibly Russia may some day not only welcome, but encourage, a rising of the Christian subjects of the Porte, and may reckon on winning something for herself when the eagles are gathered over the carcasses of Austria and Turkey. But the time is not come yet. A great Slavonic rising is not likely to find favour in her eyes, and she would look with very mixed feelings on an independent Hungary. There are, therefore, reasons why Austria, obstinate and prejudiced as she is, should be willing to draw off from interference with Italy, so far as she can without loss of honour, and why

Russia and Prussia should press her to reserve all her resources for her inevitable contest with her Eastern subjects. As England will go to the Congress, if she takes part in it, resolved to uphold the independence of Italy, there is not much reason to apprehend any determined opposition to the fulfilment of all that Central Italy wants, unless it comes from France. It is the sincerity of the Liberator of Italy that is the really doubtful point. On the surface it might seem that the EMPEROR would have great difficulties to encounter if he wished to let the inhabitants of Central Italy realize all he held out to them in the Proclamation of Milan; but really the internal embarrassments of Austria are such that, if he wishes to find obstacles in the way of Italian independence, he will first have to create them.

NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

At length the Admiralty has produced its scheme for the organization of a Naval Reserve. The privileges offered to seamen who may join the force are considerably greater than those which the Manning Commission pronounced to be sufficient. The annual pay or retainer is raised from 5*l.* to 6*l.*, and the pensions are guaranteed to be in no case less than 12*l.* a year, though they may occasionally exceed that standard. Reckoning in the present value of the expectant pension, and the additional pay to be given during the month's training which every volunteer is to undergo annually, the premium offered is equivalent to between 9*l.* and 10*l.* a year, besides the prospect of admission to the Coast Guard Service and to Greenwich Hospital. This is no niggardly offer; and if it should not be eagerly accepted by the best of our merchant seamen, there must be a stronger aversion to the naval service than it is at all agreeable to believe. In return for this liberal treatment, the duties exacted from the Reserve are far from heavy. The Naval Volunteers will be liable at any time to be called into active service by Royal Proclamation; but it is intimated that the summons will only issue when an emergency may require a sudden increase of our naval force. The period of service will be limited to three years, unless at the end of that time the country may be actually engaged in war, in which case the term may be prolonged for two years more. Five years will therefore be the extent of service which can be exacted from a volunteer. While afloat, the men will be put on a par, in pay and every other respect, with the continuous-service seamen of the fleet; and if required to serve for more than three years, extra wages of twopence a day will be paid to every man.

The contingency of being actually called out will perhaps be less considered by seamen than the restrictions which are put upon their movements in order to insure the presence at all times of a considerable proportion of the force in the ports of the United Kingdom. The regulations for this purpose are certainly as little onerous upon the men as they could be made, without altogether sacrificing the object of the reserve. Practically, they amount to this—that no volunteer will be able, without obtaining special leave, to ship for India, China, Australia, or the Cape, or for any of the Pacific ports. But the coasting and Channel trade, the Mediterranean, the Baltic, and the North American voyages will be open to them, and they will be allowed to serve on board any steamers whose destination may be short of Cape Horn on the one side, and the Cape of Good Hope on the other. As a further means of keeping a constant hold upon the men, they will be required to give information of all their engagements and changes of residence on shore, and to report themselves to a shipping-master once in every six months. With the same view, the retainer will be paid by quarterly instalments, on personal application only. For four weeks in each year, the men will be expected to present themselves for drill, but they may choose their own time and place, and their necessary travelling expenses will be paid. During the period of their drill they will receive, in addition to their retainer of 6*l.* a year, the same pay and rations as seamen in the fleet. Admission to the Reserve will be confined to men who have had five years' service afloat, one year of which must have been with an able seaman's rating, and no one over thirty-five years of age will be allowed to join. The engagement will extend only to a period of five years; but every volunteer will have the right of re-entering for successive terms of five years each, as long as he is capable of service.

This is the outline of the project which, it is hoped, will furnish the country with an abundant supply of seamen to

provide for the most unexpected emergencies. It is idle to speculate now on the measure of success which is likely to attend it. The remainder of this year will be employed in disseminating information on the subject, and, on the 1st of January the enrolment of members will commence. A very few weeks will suffice to test the sufficiency of the Admiralty offers and the disposition of the merchant seamen. The bonus ought to be enough to secure as large a force as can be desired; and if the advantages of the service are brought home to Jack's apprehension, they will perhaps attract a crowd of eager applicants in every port. But this will be only the first step, and a reserve on paper will add little to our strength unless the men can be depended on to muster at the rendezvous when called out for service. As it is part of the instructions to the shipping masters to give a preference to men regularly engaged in the shortest voyages, it may be reckoned that a very considerable proportion of the force would be within reach on comparatively brief notice. Six months would, by the conditions of the service, necessarily bring every man to England, while a much shorter time would probably suffice to collect nine-tenths of the members of the force. The real difficulty is to determine how far the volunteers may be trusted to obey the summons, and unfortunately this can never be solved until the emergency arrives when the men will be wanted on board the fleet. Cynical prophets may be disposed to predict that men who are paid in advance will be very apt to shirk the performance of duties which are certainly not popular among seamen. Sentimentalists may expatiate on the character of the British sailor, and bid us rely implicitly on his honour and good faith. Perhaps the truth will be found to lie between these extreme opinions, but it is vain to deny that the great blot of the scheme is the inducement which it offers to the men to shirk their engagements when the time for the sacrifice arrives. Some would doubtless prove superior to the temptation, but to do so would require no trifling effort. In an average case, it is not an extravagant supposition that a volunteer might be earning in the merchant service 12*l.* a year more than he would receive in the navy. At a time of actual or imminent war, when the volunteers would be required to serve, it is likely enough that the disparity would be much greater. But taking 12*l.* as a very moderate estimate, and adding to this the retaining fee of 6*l.* a year, which will be suspended during actual service, the volunteer will be asked to give up 18*l.* a year at the very moment when he is expected to fight the battles of the country with hearty goodwill. This is too much to exact from human nature. If we assume that the great bulk of the men would be either unwilling to shrink from their duty, or unable to escape the vigilance of the shipping masters, it will be morally impossible to obtain cheerful service from men who will think themselves wronged. They may be told that it is all in their bond; but no persuasion will satisfy them that it is right to deprive them of half their earnings at the very time when arduous and hazardous service is exacted from them.

The amount of actual desertion may be lessened, perhaps, by careful selection in the first instance; but it is an ascertained fact that some thousands of seamen desert annually from the fleet. The volunteers will have much greater facilities for escape, and much stronger temptations to desert; and according to all the laws of human action, we ought to calculate on a proportionate increase in the percentage of defaulters. But whether the men may yield to the temptation or manfully resist it, we do say that it is the very worst policy to expose them to it. It is not fair to them, nor is it safe for the country. This reserve is intended to be our sheet-anchor in the hour of danger. Why should we subject it to a strain which may make it fail when the storm is upon us?

We do not wish to disguise the real meaning of our objection. It must be acknowledged that to pay the volunteers, when on board the fleet, higher wages than are given to other seamen of the same rating, would be certain to create ill-will and dissatisfaction. Even the additional 2*l.* a day which is offered for service beyond the first three years may prove to be a serious blunder; and if any premium of the kind must be given, it would be much better to put it in the shape of a single or an annual bounty than in that of an invidious excess of pay. There will be only one way of working the scheme of the reserve with success. The pecuniary sacrifice exacted from the men on joining must be reduced, and as nearly as possible covered, by a simultaneous addition to the pay of the whole fleet. The reserve, it must be remembered, will be called

out only on some pressing emergency; and if on the same occasion an extra allowance of war-pay were proclaimed, the volunteers would muster with goodwill, and the old crews would no longer repine at the hardship of being kept on their meagre wages while their more fortunate brethren in the merchant-service were making a rich harvest out of the necessities of the time. There would be no need to fix the precise amount of this increase beforehand. The boon might be adjusted to each occasion, and by treating it as an entirely distinct matter from the ordinary wages, there would be no difficulty in recurring to the old rates when the fleet was restored to a peace establishment. With this addition, we should be hopeful of the Volunteer project. Without it, the utmost to be relied on will be a mere paper force, which will be either wanting or disaffected when the time of trial comes.

ETIQUETTE.

AMONG the many wonderful inventions of the present day, there is none more curious or admirable than the great art of doing everything in the grandest possible way and on the noblest possible principles. When, for example, a person with some amount of superficial education wishes to earn a livelihood by keeping a cheap school, he would not now dream of merely taking a big house in a bad situation, bargaining for assistance with one or two teachers, and announcing that he is ready to take pupils. This is the prose account of what he actually does. But the taste and habits of the time require that he should throw a glow of poetry over the transaction. Accordingly, he by a stroke of his pen makes his decaying mansion into a College, appoints himself Principal, styles his assistants Professors, and advertises that although he happens to be able to instruct his scholars in a range of subjects requiring little short of omniscience to master, yet he thinks little of that, and wishes to rest his claim to public attention almost exclusively on the extraordinary moral influence which he can bring to bear on the youthful mind. There is scarcely any grade of society to which the art has not now become familiar. Dancing-masters and barbers, the object of so much unqualified contempt in former times, now announce themselves as the benefactors of mankind. The dancing-master, by training boys and girls to turn out their toes on calisthenic principles, opens to them an avenue to social enjoyment; and the barber rubs into the heads of his patients a hair-wash eminently calculated to soothe the brain and promote placidity of temper. It is natural, therefore, that those who make it their business to instruct their countrymen in manners and etiquette should follow the fashion, and be anxious to have it understood that they only condescend to draw up the rules of decent society because these rules are based on religious and moral principles, and because a thorough knowledge of them implies the highest refinement and the greatest nobleness of nature in those who are able to frame the code. A book has lately been published, called the *Habits of Good Society*, in which the old familiar rules are expanded and poetized by means of this sort of fine writing until they swell into a handsome volume. Of course this art of idealizing an occupation is, in some measure, akin to the ignoble art of puffing; but it is not quite true that all the fine talk which schoolmasters, and dancing-masters, and teachers of etiquette employ, is simply used as a means of snaring fools. The talkers really like the talk themselves. They feel raised in the scale of society. Exactly as a housemaid seems to herself much less beneath her mistress if she lights the fires in a silk gown, so a dancing-master feels recalled to the level of humanity if he teaches on calisthenic principles; and a gentleman who has agreed with a bookseller to explain to gents that they ought not to eat peas with a knife, lays sawdust for his pride to fall on by connecting this piece of wholesome advice with the Evidences of the Christian religion. We must not quarrel with the times we live in, and when we have once assured ourselves that all these grand expressions are only terms of democratic surplussage, we may reconcile ourselves to their use on account of the harmless gratification they yield to those who employ them.

We may, however, observe that one main foundation on which the idealized view of etiquette is based is a fallacy that has a tolerably wide circulation. This is the fallacy which teaches that, in order to be a gentleman, a man must necessarily be a good Christian. That this fallacy should prevail is a singular instance of the triumph which logic often has over the plainest teaching of daily experience. Not only is it a matter of the most ordinary observation that bad men, and men of every kind of religion, are gentlemen, but the converse is equally evident, and any one may see that thousands of excellent Christians are not gentlemen. But reasoning comes to override these facts. If we examine what are the characteristic qualities of a gentleman, we find that none are more characteristic than consideration for the feelings of others, love of peace, modesty, and self-respect. But a Christian is taught to cultivate these very qualities, and to make them the chief guides of his conduct in his dealings with others. Therefore the most characteristic qualities of the gentleman and the Christian coincide. The inference is thence drawn, that to be a gentleman a man must be a Christian, although patent facts might have suggested that the real question was, how it comes that

society pronounces a man to be the former although it is known that he is not the latter? If this question is asked, the answer is obvious. Society only demands certain outward acts and a particular outward bearing. These acts may be done, and this bearing acquired, from very different motives, and society has nothing to do with motives. A donation to a charity is equally useful whether it proceeds from vanity or piety, and good behaviour is exactly like the payment of money. The money is good, and the behaviour may be good, although there is no real virtue at the bottom of paying the money or behaving well. It is a further question why good behaviour is pronounced good, and how the standard of society is fixed. There can be no single answer to this question, because all those causes tend to fix the standard of society which tend to increase the sensibility and quickness of feeling of individuals. When persons who are not occupied with roughing the difficulties of life, and who have therefore time to let their thoughts dwell on what is elegant and becoming, meet together constantly, they gain by practice a perception of the delicate shades of thought and of the expression of thought. They invent a mode of communicating thought by which great topics are often understood to be referred to without anything but an indirect hint being given. The power of language, the play of feeling, the correspondence of emotion, are thus almost indefinitely increased by the augmentation of sensibility; and a society which has attained a high degree of sensibility requires that those who mix in it should be able to understand and take part in the manifestations of this sensibility. But there is no moral or religious necessity for cultivating or acquiring this sensibility; and therefore a man may be a very good Christian without being a gentleman.

Society has acquired the sensibility from which its finer graces proceed by the accumulated efforts of many generations, and most persons who come up to the point of sensibility which is the standard of their generation have begun to move in this direction from their cradle. The child whose parents are within the circle of manners and cultivation begins, almost before it can speak, to be exposed to the influences of this circle. It finds that grown-up servants treat it as, in some respects, their superior, and it catches from its mother the inflexions of language and the niceties of behaviour which she in her turn has been cultivating from her infancy. It is entirely impossible that all these influences should be analysed, drawn up into formal rules, and put on paper. Still more impossible is it that a stranger to the circle of refinement should imbibe these influences merely by reading about them. Unconsciously every one in every class of life feels their presence. The maid in her silk dress knows perfectly well that, however much she may look like a lady, she never can be one. Of course, the influences of birth and early education are heightened in their effects by many superadded and external causes. But these causes are all of a large stamp. Travelling, the acquisition of languages, political activity, the cultivation of art, are the sort of things which really tell on the refinement both of society and of individuals; and, although he would have great difficulties to encounter, it is by no means impossible that a person who had reached manhood in an inferior station might, by diligent attention to these instruments of cultivation, and by taking every opportunity of getting the practical instruction derived from companionship with gentlemen, become in time himself a gentleman. But it is hopeless to teach a man to be a gentleman by laying down little rules of external behaviour. We may see this by looking at the kind of rules that are laid down by teachers of etiquette, who wish to pass beyond the province of expounding the mere rudiments of decorum. One of the laws proposed by the author of the volume to which we have referred is, that a man who wishes to be a gentleman must have four new morning coats every year. On the face of it this is a rule that can benefit no one. A bagman who wears four new morning coats a year will only be a bagman with an unnecessary change of good clothes on his back. A gentleman would never think of troubling himself with any rule at all on the subject, and would content himself with the simple expedient of ordering a new coat when he wanted one. Or we may take another example more strictly belonging to the sphere of manners. The author of the *Habits of Good Society* instructs his readers that they should remember to smile when dancing a quadrille. Who are the people that require to be told that they ought not to look at their partners as if they were going to eat or spit on them? The instruction cannot be of any use to a gentleman, for, without any instruction, he would naturally maintain an appearance of decent civility towards a lady with whom he was dancing. It must therefore be intended for some one not a gentleman, who would be likely to forget it. It would be a curious sight to watch the changes of countenance undergone by a man who, having got half through a quadrille in oblivion of this recommendation, should suddenly remember that it was a part of his duty to grin at his partner on Christian principles.

There certainly are some rules which were long ago laid down in old books of "Etiquette" that are easy to remember and worth knowing. It is quite right and possible to communicate the code of external decorum to persons who have not the remotest pretensions to be ladies and gentlemen. The author of *Habits of Good Society* knows that, in spite of all his romantic highflying, he must communicate these rules and write for this class if his book is to be practically useful. But he is ashamed of so humble a task, and will not come to any of these simple directions without pages of sentiment or of jocosely introduction. But when

we get to the rules themselves, we see that he knows he has some rather commonplace business to do, and must do it, just as the calisthenic dancing-master really taps the toes into the right position, and the barber with the cerebral wash really cuts hair. When we find this author laying down that it is not good manners to squeeze the hand of a partner to whom the dancer is a stranger, we know at once that he is addressing a very humble order of readers, and that his prolixions about Christian gentility are chiefly intended as consolations to himself for condescending to a not very noble or romantic task. But, however much his book may be thus unnecessarily lengthened, the wide circulation of the rudimentary rules of etiquette is a good thing. All etiquette is a restraint on the coarseness and sensuality of man; and there is not the least fear that the sort of Englishman who wants to be told not to squeeze a lady's hand, or not to put his knife in his mouth, should carry etiquette to the foolish extreme of priggishness. The motive to adopt these rules on the part of those who require to be told them is the same motive which makes them copy the dress of their superiors; and as this is a very strong motive and very widely felt, there is no reason why, if the rudimentary rules of etiquette were known, they should not be obeyed. The good which obedience to them produces is tolerably obvious. It is not that the particular persons ceasing to be bearish become morally good, but society gains; and the gain of society is, in a feeble and indirect way, the moral gain of some individuals. If all classes are free from manners that are offensive, it is easier for them to mix together, and the social union of classes is not only a political gain, but must do good, though we can never say exactly who are the persons that profit by it. If travellers go together in a railway carriage, it is a common benefit to all that the established rules of travelling should be observed. It promotes a feeling of kindness and justice, and allays asperities of temper. So it is a good thing that at a suburban hop the gentlemen should not arrive at a squeezing intimacy in a single dance. The respect of the sexes for each other is increased, and the tender uncertainties of affection are prolonged. But this is the utmost that rules of etiquette can do. After a gent has learnt not to squeeze his partner, and even after he has attained the higher stage of smiling at her, he is not a gentleman, and, as he knows he is not, authors waste their time in telling him that he is.

MILITARY ETHICS.

THE case of the *Queen v. Marshall and others* has at length come to a conclusion. The defendants have been brought up for judgment, and, after a mature deliberation of some six months on the part of the Bench, have been sentenced to six months' imprisonment each, and to fines proportioned to their respective shares in the offence. The majesty of the law has been vindicated—the Horse Guards have proved their untarnished purity. They have established beyond a doubt the absence of all complicity on their part in the illegal traffic in commissions, and have completely cleared themselves from any imputations or aspersions which hasty people might have been inclined to cast upon them. The Court of Queen's Bench is evidently a most powerful detergent—it possesses all the qualities of superfine Brown Windsor. Every one concerned in the late trial, with the exception only of the defendants, has come out of court with the most clean washed hands. So much soap had been used upon the other parties mixed up with the business that the stock had become exhausted, and none was left to be employed in removing the dirt from Messrs. Marshall, Mortimer, and Eicke. A residence of six months, however, in the Queen's Prison will doubtless effect a similar purificatory process upon them. But with the exception of these individuals, who have met with the punishment due to their misdemeanour, every one, however remotely concerned in the transaction, has reason to be supremely happy. Sir Charles Yorke and the other military authorities, as they skimmed over the report of the sentence in their comfortable sitting-rooms at the Horse Guards, must have congratulated themselves on the issue of the matter. The public, too, may be expected to be satisfied, and to shout general applause at the success of the great moral drama which has just been acted for their benefit on the military stage.

But there are some crotchety people who, though all the world are pleased, will never be contented. Like Noah before the Flood, or the Chorus in the Greek play, when all is serenity and happiness around them, they refuse to take part in the general merriment, and persist in uttering words of dissatisfaction and ominous foreboding. They are certainly most disagreeable individuals, they look so obstinately upon the dark side of things; and consequently they meet with no small disfavour at the hands of their more blithesome companions, upon whose rejoicings they so perversely throw a wet blanket. Some ill-natured individual of this description may perhaps come forward in the present instance to act the ungracious part of the Greek chorus. It is notoriously hard to please everybody; so it ought to cause no astonishment to find some sour and ill-favoured cynic refusing to join in the rejoicings and mutual congratulations that have followed upon the conclusion of the Marshall case, and even expressing his surprise at the opinion unanimously uttered by judges and counsel, that the great object of the trial had been effected, and that the Horse Guards had been relieved from all aspersions upon the purity of their deal-

ings. The advocates, both for the prosecution and defence, however opposed on other questions, agreed, it is true, upon this point. But the obstinate fact still remains, that Mr. Cunningham succeeded in obtaining a commission through the agency of Marshall, after having failed to do so on his own personal application. Great stress was laid, both by the counsel for the prosecution and the judge, on the fact that the defendants had extorted money from Mr. Cunningham on false pretences, by laying claim to an influence at the Horse Guards which they really did not possess. But the proof of the pudding lies in the eating. The commission was obtained, and so far the defendants' part of the bargain was performed. With Marshall few will have much sympathy; he seems to have acted dishonourably in the transaction, and most people will think that he richly deserves the punishment he has received. At the same time, disgust at the prisoner's conduct will not prevent a critical mind from detecting inconsistency and capriciousness on the part of those who instituted the prosecution.

The statute for the transgression of which Messrs. Marshall, Mortimer, and Eicke were brought to trial, prohibits any person being employed in the purchase or exchange of commissions who is not a duly authorized army agent, and declares any one who shall accept money for negotiating such sales or exchanges guilty of a misdemeanour. It also renders officers liable to be cashiered for receiving or paying, directly or indirectly, any larger sum of money than that authorized by law as the regulation price of a commission, and lays down the same penalty for the payment by an officer of any sum of money whatever to an agent or broker for effecting any sale or exchange of commissions. This statute is quoted for the information of officers in the Queen's Regulations for the army, and is repeated in substance every year in the Mutiny Act. It might be supposed, therefore, that the practices prohibited were unknown in the army. The uninitiated might imagine that the solemn denunciation of the Mutiny Act would have the effect of restricting negotiations regarding the sale or exchange of commissions to those accredited agents whose names may be found in the Army List, and that in these negotiations the regulated prices laid down by law marked the extent of the pecuniary transaction. But, as is well known, the edict so pompously ushered forth in her Majesty's name is a dead letter, and the statute prohibiting illegal traffic in commissions is almost universally violated by the officers of the army. The fact is notorious, that an exchange of commissions is rarely effected except through the medium of negotiators whose names would be in vain looked for in any list of authorized army agents. There is a large class of individuals who make it their business to effect exchanges for officers, whose wishes they discover and are able to meet by means of the information they acquire through a constant communication with different regiments. They, in fact, effect for the army exactly what is done by registry offices for servants and employers. They are most useful members of society to the military world, as, through their medium, officers find their wishes met in a manner which scarcely any private inquiries on their own part could render possible. It is scarcely to be expected that these agents should be so disinterested as to offer their services gratuitously, and in return for the good offices rendered by them they receive from the individuals accommodated a handsome *douceur*. But unauthorized agents are not the only contraveners of the law in this matter. It is well known that pecuniary considerations enter largely into almost every case of the exchange of commissions. Such exchanges are throughout monetary transactions. Certain terms are offered by the one party and accepted by the other, and the bargain is as clearly a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence as the sale of tea and sugar over the grocer's counter. An officer whose regiment is in India, if he wishes to return to England, will often offer a very large consideration in order to get into a regiment likely to remain in the United Kingdom. And, notorious as these facts are, it is still more notorious that an officer purchasing his promotion, in almost every case, pays for the step gained a sum greatly in excess of the authorized, or, as it is called, the regulation, price. The amount of the excess varies at different times and in different regiments, but the sum actually paid is not unfrequently double the legal purchase-money.

We do not mean to stigmatize these practices as reprehensible, still less as actually immoral. If they have not the countenance of the law, they at least have the support of custom in their favour. They are the natural result of a system which, notwithstanding the remark of the judge at the late trial, that "the very fact of obtaining a commission by means of money was in itself illegal," most clearly makes wealth the golden key by which the doors of the military service are unlocked. The practices of employing unauthorized agents for effecting exchanges, of remunerating those agents in the event of their negotiations proving successful, and of giving more than the regulated price for the purchase of promotion, are notorious to every military man, and are not unknown to the general public. It is absurd to suppose that facts so patent to every one can be kept a secret from the military authorities, and yet there is no attempt to enforce the law except in an isolated case where the chief offender happens to be a man whose conduct in other respects may have been thought likely to excite public odium against him. The law exists, but it is never put into execution. It is almost daily set at defiance, and its violation, if not openly recognised, is at least connived at by the authorities. So, year by

year, the solemn farce is repeated of passing a statute which is never intended to be really acted upon. The absurdity of retaining a law which is thus permitted to remain a dead letter is great, but its absurdity is not its sole, nor indeed its chief, evil. An enactment which is never carried into effect is worse than useless—it is positively mischievous. By issuing edicts which it is either unwilling or powerless to enforce, the law has its authority weakened and its majesty brought into disrepute. A code which is constantly disregarded becomes at length habitually despised. But the evil becomes even greater in the case of a law which, though permitting itself to be almost universally violated, every now and then appears with the sword of justice in its hand, and, as if to exhibit its power, makes a fell swoop upon some luckless offender who may have fancied that in precedent and general custom he had a guarantee for the legality of his conduct. All punishment, to be effective, ought to be certain in its action; and a penalty which is only occasionally inflicted cannot really be of any avail in deterring offenders—the true object of all punishment—for every one naturally thinks that he will be the fortunate individual who will escape the infliction. Besides, a law which is thus allowed for a length of time to lie in abeyance, and yet can at a moment's notice be conjured up, like a ghost from the shades, to stand in judgment against its transgressors, is a most dangerous engine to place in the hands of any body of men; and its sudden and capricious execution has all the invidiousness of an *ex post facto* enactment. One cannot do away with the impression that those upon whom its penalties fall are no worse than their neighbours, and are treated as scape-goats to make atonement for the equally heinous sins of more favoured offenders. The law regarding illegal traffic in commissions, for a violation of which Marshall, Mortimer, and Eicke have been condemned to fine and imprisonment, stands in this position. It forms part of our criminal code, and as such may be put into force on any occasion; but its contravention is notorious, and is implicitly recognised as a part of our military system. The conduct of the Horse Guards, therefore, in enforcing its penalties in the present instance, does not appear to deserve all the credit to which they lay claim. If the law is to be enforced, it should be enforced universally. A capricious infliction of punishment is at variance with all principles of reason and justice.

There is, indeed, a flimsy pretext by which the military authorities attempt to justify their conduct. Though the systematic violation of the law in question is notorious, they excuse themselves from enforcing the penalties attached to its violation on the ground that they have no official knowledge of the illegal acts which are constantly committed under their very eyes. Sir Charles Yorke, some time ago, in giving evidence before the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Purchase-System, stated that the Commander-in-Chief had no official knowledge of the practice attributed to officers of paying more than the regulation price for their commissions; and more recently, in his examination as a witness in the Marshall trial, he repeated the same assertion. General Peel, also, in a letter written during his tenure of office to the Lords of the Treasury, requesting that cavalry officers might be relieved from the charges made upon them for forage for their horses, altogether ignored any violation of the law regarding the price of commissions. It must be supposed that his statement only applied to official ignorance; for otherwise, though highly creditable to the late War Minister's ingenuous simplicity, it says little for his acquaintance with the working of the military system over which he was supposed to preside. That the practice so universal, in the cavalry at least, of giving large sums beyond the regulation price for obtaining promotion, should have been unknown to General Peel, is almost inconceivable. It can only be supposed that his statement was made with the meaning that the circumstance had not been officially brought under his notice. But what is this nice distinction which our military authorities are so fond of drawing between official and non-official knowledge? Who shall attempt to lay down the line of demarcation separating the one from the other? The metaphysical acumen which can thus split hairs and exercise such delicate discrimination may call for our admiration, but it scarcely commands our respect. A witness in a court of law would hardly be excused from punishment for perjury in denying a fact of which he was fully cognisant on the plea that he had no official knowledge of its existence. The Horse Guards, however, seem to have a code of morality of their own; but as the general public as yet scarcely appreciates their standard of moral rectitude, it is to be hoped that the military authorities will before long publish to the world their new system of ethics founded on the immutable principle of the essential difference between official and non-official knowledge. The day will doubtless come when Plato and Aristotle will give place to Peel and Yorke, and Butler and Paley be supplanted in the schools of Oxford and Cambridge by the new ethical system promulgated from the Horse Guards. In the mean time, a hope may be expressed that the military authorities will allow the principle so profoundly enunciated by them to actuate their conduct in every detail of life. Such, however, is the weakness of human nature that we cannot always expect, even in the noblest characters, to find a complete conformity between preaching and practice. It is to be feared that Sir Charles would not refrain from giving a pickpocket in charge to the police for relieving him of his purse or cigar-case, though the theft had not been brought under his notice officially;

and even General Peel, with all his simplicity, might be inclined, if he were hungry and saw a savoury repast ready, to sit down and eat without waiting for the official announcement from his butler that dinner was on the table. Seriously speaking, such distinctions are unworthy of people holding high public positions. At a public school they would be called prevarications, and a lad who had been guilty of them would be flogged. They remind one too much of the mental reservation of the Jesuit, or of the inwardly expressed "over the left" of the schoolboy who makes a promise which he does not intend to keep. Better far it were in the authorities frankly to acknowledge that the evil has been so long winked at, and has assumed such gigantic proportions, that they dare not grapple with it, instead of affecting an official ignorance of its existence.

It is for these reasons that many will feel inclined to withhold from the Horse Guards the credit to which they lay claim for an earnest desire to put a stop to the illegal traffic in commissions. In one notorious case, it is true, they have made an example of the offenders; but in hundreds of other almost equally notorious cases they have made no attempt and shown no serious wish to enforce the law. We cannot, indeed, avoid seeing the utter inconsistency of the statute in question with the system which openly recognises money as the chief means of obtaining a commission, and which therefore must have the natural result of making people regard a military appointment as a marketable commodity to be sold to the highest bidder. Perhaps, too, few persons would desire to see a law rigidly enforced when the effect would be to deprive the great majority of officers in the army of their commissions. While the purchase-system exists, it would perhaps be more expedient to remove from the statute-book a law which is utterly inconsistent with that system, and which the authorities have not the moral courage to enforce. We should at least be spared the scandal of seeing the law of the land systematically set at defiance. But as matters stand at present, people cannot help noticing the anomaly of visiting with penalties, in one solitary instance, an action which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is allowed to pass with impunity. The conduct of the Horse Guards in the matter looks too much like that of the big giant who, shunning a combat with his more powerful enemies, went out to do battle with a miserable dwarf, and returned to his castle congratulating himself upon his exploit, and bearing in triumph the fruits of his victory over the ill-fated mannikin. We cannot congratulate our military rulers upon the success of their attempt to gain a character for integrity. Their pretence of putting a stop to an evil which they virtually recognise, by a transient ebullition of virtuous wrath against the transgressors of a law the constant violation of which is notorious, is a transparent sham. The acting of the military *corps dramatique* may be good, but the play in which they have made their appearance on the stage is a farce of the broadest description.

THE MAJORITY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE attainment by the Prince of Wales of the age at which, if the occasion should unhappily arise, he might assume in his own right the sovereignty of this country, is an incident which has very naturally attracted some attention to the most eminent and most dignified, though it is also the least obtrusive, of our institutions. Nothing in the history of politics is more remarkable than the recent history of the sovereigns of this country. The Queen of England is the only real Constitutional Sovereign in the world. Belgium and Sardinia are too small, and their institutions, however valuable, are too young to display in its full maturity the nature of the relation which may, under happy circumstances, be developed, between a hereditary ruler and a free people. This country alone displays it in the highest perfection which as yet it has attained.

The relation is by no means so obvious and simple in its character as many persons suppose. The notion that the Queen is actually and substantially the supreme manager of our national affairs is probably confined at present to the most ignorant of her subjects. An error, almost equally complete and equally vulgar, prevails far more widely. It is that, in the present state of things, the Royal power has become a mere name, and that to exercise it properly no other qualifications are required than that strong and quick sense of what is becoming and dignified which is necessary to enable its holder to do the honours of the nation on all occasions when it has to be represented either at home or abroad. This opinion is almost as far below the truth as the other is above it. The real facts of the case are very different. The functions which the Sovereign of this country personally discharges under our present system of government are of at least three different kinds, and each of these three functions requires for its proper discharge personal qualities at once rare and high.

In the first place, the Queen of England stands in a position towards the nation at large closely analogous to that which the trustee of a settlement occupies towards the persons beneficially interested. When the constitution says that the Queen makes laws by and with the advice and consent of the Legislature—that the Queen makes war and peace—that she is the head of the Church, and of the Army and Navy, it uses language which no doubt has entirely ceased to have anything approaching to its original significance, but which, in the course of ages, has acquired a new meaning of real and very considerable importance. It is a universal necessity of all Governments that they should have some

sort of official representative, whether hereditary or elective, whether he be King, Emperor, President, or First Consul; and all experience shows that this power, when once created, is a very dangerous one. Its holder is almost certain to fall into one or the other of two opposite faults, either of which is sure to inflict the most serious injury upon the nation. If the character of the people is favourable to such an enterprise, he becomes a tyrant; if it is not, he becomes a partisan of the most undignified and unscrupulous character. It is almost as unsatisfactory to think that the President of the United States could get up a war with England if he considered that such a measure was likely to promote his re-election, as to think that Louis Napoleon might invade us on any occasion on which he deemed that he might strengthen his dynasty by doing so.

The position of a Constitutional King in reference to this branch of his duties is, as we have already said, precisely analogous to that of a trustee. It does not require any continuous mental effort, but it does emphatically require character and status. In the ordinary course of things the trustee is merely passive. The beneficial owner receives his rents and dividends as securely and as easily as if his own name stood in the bank register or in the title-deeds. Even when changes are necessary, the trustee's active intervention is rarely required. If the persons interested wish for a particular investment, he simply ratifies their wish by going through the necessary forms; but if difficulties and disputes arise, his position is very different. If he is a man of low standing and undignified character, or if, on the other hand, he is insolent and overbearing, he is almost sure to be involved in the quarrel; and if he is, his legal and formal power is sure to be used, not for the purpose for which it was bestowed, but for the advantage of the party which happens to be able to get possession of it. It appears from this that it is in public as in private affairs. The power of being passive in political contests, and of giving a public authentic ratification to the public acts of the nation, is a solid and not a merely technical function; and it is a very wise arrangement to invest the person by whom it is to be exercised with that social dignity and importance which impart a certain stateliness of mind to those who have from their youth been taught to sustain it in a becoming manner.

Besides this department of the duties of a Constitutional Monarch, there are others which, though not necessarily more important, require rarer qualities and more individual force of character. It is by no means a small thing to be charged with the duty of doing the honours of the nation. If any one will call to mind the persons with whom he is best acquainted, and ask himself what is the peculiarity by which he distinguishes them from others, he will find that in almost every case the most vivid and most durable impressions are produced neither by moral nor by intellectual qualities, but by that general manner and bearing which is, to a great extent, the expression of the whole character of the man. Our estimate of those with whom we have not been long and intimately acquainted is almost always regulated by our view of this part of their character; and much of the happiness, and almost all the beauty, both of domestic and of social life, depends upon its healthy or unhealthy condition. The reason of this is, that every one forms, more or less expressly, a sort of ideal of life which, in a curiously subtle way, moulds his every-day conduct into harmony with itself. If this general ideal be low, morality itself may become a dry and petty formalism, and intellect may be degraded into mere shrewdness or cunning. To heighten and preserve it is one of the most important duties of the classes who have leisure to educate and refine their minds; and to set an example, on the very widest and most public stage, of that dignified respect both for others and for oneself which is the essence of what we mean by the spirit of a gentleman, is at once a most difficult and a most responsible task. It is highly desirable that, on public occasions as well as in private life, people should learn that mere power of character, and even that mere moral worth, are not the only proper objects of admiration, but that much is due to beauty and dignity of demeanour; and this is a lesson which can never be taught in so emphatic or in so appropriate a manner as by an hereditary Constitutional Sovereign, for no other kind of ruler can be exempt from the suspicion of being gracious because he wishes to flatter his constituents or to strengthen his dynasty.

These are functions which must belong to all Constitutional rulers, as such, but the Sovereign of England has other functions besides these, the exercise of which would afford scope for the utmost efforts of the very highest practical intellect. It is, no doubt, perfectly true that the Sovereigns of this country do not now rule in the sense in which it was ruled either by the Plantagenets or by the Tudors. When they make war or peace, or pass laws, or enter into treaties, they act in exactly the same manner as a trustee who conveys or accepts the conveyance of an estate over which he has no control; but it does not follow that the Sovereign has no political power because he has not that particular kind of political power which the theory of the Constitution appears to entrust to him. He is in a position in which he can exercise an influence over the whole course of public affairs exactly proportionate to the strength of his character, the capacity of his understanding, and the extent of his knowledge. Of course he cannot expect—as no single individual in this age of the world can expect—to change the whole course of our national policy; but he has not only the legal right, but he can practically exercise the right, of knowing every detail of every deliberation of the Ministry, and of discuss-

ing with them, individually or collectively, every measure which they propose to take. He has a perfect right to read and to revise every despatch which issues from any public office; and not long ago Lord Palmerston found by experience that to ignore this right was a very hazardous experiment. It is also part of the effective prerogative of the Crown to exercise a very powerful influence indeed over the formation of the Cabinet. The Queen would certainly not be able to make an utterly unknown man Prime Minister, but she would have a most powerful voice in determining whether that place should be filled by Lord Aberdeen or Lord John Russell. With all this real and effective authority, it is obvious that if the King of England happened to be a man of really first-rate intellect, he would not only not be a mere actor, but he would be by far the most important person in the country; for it would be in his power to bring a degree of influence exactly proportioned to the force of his own understanding to bear in one constant direction throughout the whole course of his reign.

It is one curious feature of Royal power in this country, that it is almost impossible that it should be abused. If, unhappily, the Crown were to descend to a foolish and ill-disposed person, he could do no other mischief than that of bringing Royalty into contempt. A person of real force and weight of character might produce considerable effects by influencing the Ministers for the time being; but a weak and foolish sovereign would be a mere *roi fainéant*. He would weaken a very ancient and very useful institution, but he would not be able seriously to disturb the course of public affairs. There are very few positions in life in which great abilities could do so much good and in which the want of them would do so little harm.

We have said nothing of the feelings with which every Englishman must welcome an event which adds something in appearance, if not in fact, to the prosperity and stability of the Royal Family; and it would be an impertinence to enlarge upon the grace and goodness which the illustrious lady who now reigns over us has for so many years identified with all our conceptions of Royalty. It would be impossible to do so without repeating commonplaces which have become flat, though not false, by repetition; but no one can approach such a subject without feeling that a dynasty which has ruled amongst us for eight hundred years, and which, during the whole of that period, has been intimately connected with a series of events unequalled in the history of Europe for grandeur and importance, is an hereditary honour to every Englishman, as much as the proudest dukedom in the land is an honour to its individual possessor.

THE STRIKE AND THE LAW OF CONSPIRACY.

THE opinion which Mr. Edwin James and Mr. Allan have given upon the case placed before them on behalf of the workmen on strike is a very remarkable document. It consists of three branches, of which the first two relate to the rules of various Trades Unions, and the third to a question whether the masters who joined in the lock-out have thereby rendered themselves liable to an indictment for conspiracy. The Member for Marylebone and his coadjutor are inclined to think it does, though they say that "the law relating to conspiracy is so vague and unsettled that we feel reluctant to offer a decided opinion on this question." This opinion on the mere legal point, as to which we will make a few observations immediately, is coupled with expressions to which Mr. James would never have subscribed his name had his sense of the duties incumbent on a barrister and a member of Parliament been strong enough to divert his mind from the considerations which must naturally press upon the representative—it might almost be said the delegate—of Marylebone. Who would have supposed that this was the language of a legal opinion:—"The combination of masters to dismiss and deprive of their labour and means of subsistence a number of workmen for the purpose of compelling those workmen to effect an object which it may not be in their power to accomplish, appears to us," &c. Such language as this may be welcome to Mr. James's constituents, and more welcome to those upon whom the new Reform Bill will confer the distinguished honour of swelling their numbers, but it is at once untrue and unbecoming to a barrister. How is a man "deprived of his labour" by being dismissed from his employment? All that he is, or can be, deprived of, is a particular market for his labour, which is quite a different matter. The wording of the opinion amounts to a direct assertion of the leading proposition of Communism, that the workman has rights over the capital of his employers, and that, unless he is kept in employment, he is subjected to a positive wrong and injury.

False and dangerous as this language is, its introduction into a legal opinion is perhaps even more to be condemned than the promulgation of the doctrine which it contains. Mr. Edwin James's views of political and social economy are probably matter of profound indifference to the more intelligent part of the community; but it is not matter of indifference that a man of eminence at the Bar, and the member for one of those metropolitan boroughs to which some of our Reformers would wish to assimilate all the constituencies in England, should introduce declamatory matter of this sort into a professional opinion. To do so, and especially upon a subject on which popular excitement runs high, is to lower that standard of professional dignity without which the Bar would become a curse to the country, instead of being, as it has been and ought to be, one of its great

constitutional safeguards. There are occasions when an advocate not only can but ought to identify himself with his client, and become the channel through which his feelings may be expressed to the world at large; but the value of an opinion depends on its impartiality. When a man gives one, he is in a quasi-judicial position, and ought to act with corresponding dignity. No feeling is more honourable than an advocate's zeal for his client, and this is especially the case if the client is weak and his adversary strong. But, on the other hand, no combination in the world is so odious as that of the lawyer and the demagogue, especially when the object to which the energies of the person uniting those characters are devoted is that of stretching the criminal law in order to enable a large body to wreak a grudge on a small and unpopular one.

Though the language of the opinion shows the temper in which it is written, it is true that the uncertainty of the law upon the subject of conspiracy is such that some colour for it may be found, though that colour appears to us to be slight in the extreme. The matter stands thus. Irrespective of any statute whatever, combinations of workmen to raise wages were held to be conspiracies at Common Law. This is stated in several old cases, and particularly in one which occurred as far back as the reign of George I.; but these cases were recently summed up by Lord Campbell as consisting of the dictum of a single judge and "loose expressions to be found in the book." Side by side with this rule of law a series of statutes existed, extending over a great length of time, which subjected all combinations to raise wages to heavy penalties; and so the law stood till the year 1826, when an Act (6 Geo. IV. c. 129) was passed, which expressly declared that it should be lawful for workmen to meet for the purpose of determining the rate of wages at which they should work, and that it should also be lawful for employers to meet for the purpose of determining the rate of wages which they should pay, and of entering into any agreement, verbal or written, for the purpose of fixing the rate of wages to be paid, or the hours of labour to be given in consideration of those wages. The effect of this statute has been several times judicially expounded. Thus Lord Cranworth, in the case of *Reg. v. Silsby*, said, "Those who are to employ labour may meet and say we will not give more than such and such a rate, or we will stipulate for such and such a number of hours' work. We will make, in short, regulations beneficial to ourselves as employers, and agree that we will not take any workmen that require more."

The combined effect of the old rule of law and the statute of Geo. IV. is, that the offence of conspiracy remains as it was, except in so far as it has been altered by the statute. It is very difficult to extract out of the heap of detached illustrations and cases which collectively constitute the law upon the subject, any satisfactory principle as to the general nature of the offence in question. But the nearest approach to such a principle is the definition laid down by several judges of great eminence on various occasions—that in order to constitute a conspiracy there must be a combination either to do an unlawful act, or to do a lawful act by unlawful means. Before the Act of Geo. IV. this definition would probably have included all combinations for the purpose of altering the rate of wages, inasmuch as the dicta and "loose expressions," as Lord Campbell called them, referred to above, and a number of statutes founded on absurd and iniquitous principles, appear to have decided the point that to attempt to alter the rate of wages was an unlawful act. Therefore a combination to effect that purpose would be a conspiracy. Both the Acts and the dicta were no doubt levelled at the workmen, though they would certainly apply to masters as well. The Statute of Geo. IV., however, was based upon more enlightened views of political economy, and, as Lord Cranworth and Lord Chief Justice Erle very truly said, was intended to leave masters and workmen at full liberty to settle the rate of wages as they pleased, so long as they abstained from intimidation or violence. It is therefore impossible to contend, in the face of that statute, that an attempt to lower the rate of wages is in itself an unlawful act, or that a combination to effect that purpose by lawful means is a conspiracy. The only pretext for such an assertion is supplied by the case of *Hilton v. Eckersley*, in which the Court of Queen's Bench, and afterwards the Court of Exchequer Chamber, decided that a bond given by one of several masters to the rest to regulate their trade operations for twelve months according to the resolutions of the majority, in consideration that the others would do so also, was illegal and void on grounds of public policy, and because the contract was in restraint of trade. Chief Justice Erle dissented from this judgment. In the course of the argument a suggestion was thrown out that the masters who had entered into the bond might be indicted for conspiracy; but though a single judge (Mr. Justice Crompton) favoured this view, Lord Campbell and the present Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas entirely dissented from it, whilst the Court of Exchequer Chamber decided the case exclusively on the principle that the contract could not be enforced because it was in restraint of trade. And Lord Campbell's judgment pointed out that, if Mr. Justice Crompton's view were correct, it would follow that "if two workmen who sincerely believe their wages to be inadequate should meet and agree that they would not work unless their wages were raised, without contemplating violence or any illegal means for gaining their object, they would be guilty of misdemeanour, and liable to fine and imprisonment." "This," said his lordship,

"I cannot bring myself to believe without authority much more cogent than the dicta referred to."

So far we have stated the case as strongly as possible in favour of Mr. James's opinion; but in fact no two things can be more completely distinct than the conduct of the masters who joined in the present lock-out and a combination to lower wages. The combination here was not for the purpose of lowering wages, but for the purpose of preventing the hours of labour from being forcibly shortened. It is the grossest misrepresentation to assert that the object of the lock-out was to "compel workmen who had taken no part in what occurred at Messrs. Trollope's factory to effect an object which it might not be in their power to accomplish." Does any reasonable man affect to doubt that what occurred at Messrs. Trollope's was the act of the whole body of associated workmen, or that the lock-out was exclusively a measure of defence which would never have been resorted to unless it had been provoked by the nine-hour movement? Whatever may be the legal merits of the case, it is impossible to conceive a meaner or more cowardly and ridiculous attitude than that in which Mr. James's clients would be placed if they followed his advice. They would be invoking, for the purpose of injuring their employers, a law which they would be the first to denounce as obsolete, tyrannical, and absurd if applied to their own acts. If the lock-out was an unlawful conspiracy, what was the strike? There can be but one weight and measure. Either the men are not free to combine, or the masters are. If, in order to hit their employers, the men succeed in putting the narrowest of narrow interpretations on the statute of George IV., and in swelling to unnatural dimensions the "loose expressions" of the Common-law judges who administered so savage a code against earlier generations of working men, they will have cut a rod for their own backs under which they will richly deserve to smart. The masters would, of course, retaliate in precisely the same manner; and Mr. Potter and his friends would find out, by sad experience, that the law of conspiracy is in the nature of a mine which, when once sprung, is no respecter of persons, but destroys those who light it as readily as those against whom it is lighted.

It is necessary to bear in mind this obvious reflection when we wish to estimate at its true value the character of this opinion. Mr. James does not give one word of warning to this effect. He can advise his clients that, as a particular rule, if not positively illegal, might lead to injurious consequences, it should be either erased or modified. He can break out into indignation against those who "deprive of their labour and means of subsistence a number of workmen." But he either has not the understanding or has not the courage and honesty to say to his clients—"In trying to prosecute your employers for using your own weapons you are seeking to play a part at once foolish and dastardly. You are seeking to revive principles which were once, and which if enforced would be again, the plague and scourge of the class to which you belong. You are admitting in the most emphatic way the truth of all that has ever been said by your strongest antagonists of the illegality and impropriety of your conduct; and if by some quibble you should succeed in punishing the masters, you would at once degrade yourselves and forfeit all claim to the public sympathy and indulgence."

Such would have been the language of an honourable and courageous adviser, but these obvious reflections do not appear to have occurred to Mr. James. The whole tone of the opinion suggests that it was given by a man whose view of the duty of an advocate is that he ought to pander to a client's prejudices and inflame his passions. "I am not sure—the law is in an unsatisfactory state—still I think you may have a chance, so it can do no harm to try"—is the sort of sentiment which runs through the whole; and this opinion, it must be remembered, is given in reference to criminal proceedings. A sentiment so paltry, tawdry, and obsequious to the clamour of a mob is just what might be expected from the man who, having defended Bernard, has to undergo the degradation of humouring the electors of Marylebone.

MR. BERKELEY AT BRISTOL.

IN Cornwall and Brittany the memory of certain saints unknown to any other hagiology is preserved. St. Just and St. Pol, St. Briene and St. Burian are supposed to have been the squires of the parishes whose memory was fragrant with the old clergy of those parts, and has become embalmed in the names of the places which they honoured with their good deeds or good fame. A local *cultus* something akin to this exists in the city of Bristol. A certain Edward Colston, who lived within historical memory, left large charitable foundations to the capital of the West. The acts and annals of Colston, though his date is so recent, have quite a legendary and mythical character. He is a sort of Whittington-Arion. He made his fortune, and was carried on a dolphin's back up the Bristol Channel—or something of the sort. And his descendants survive—Wiltshire squires of credit—and their crest is a dolphin. The memory of the just is held in high repute at Bristol, and the 14th of November is a red letter day; it is dedicated to St. Colston, and the liturgical celebration is not a little curious. Three societies exist in Bristol, all nominally in honour of the great local saint. There is the Dolphin Society, so called from Colston's queer fish—the Anchor Society, so called, we know not why—and the Grateful Society, so called for no reason in particular, except that it has no meaning, and is therefore significant of the non-politics of its members. These

three confraternities, or guilds, are partly civil and partly religious; and the three orders of Bristol Devotees of Colston exist much as there are three orders of Franciscans or Dominicans. Only with a difference. The vows of the Colston worshippers have nothing to do with poverty or self-denial. They go to church on Colston's day; at least, the theory of the Colstonites is, that they go to church and hear a sermon. They certainly make a collection for charitable purposes, and dine together in the evening. The three societies represent three phases of opinion. The Dolphin is the Tory club, the Anchor the Liberal, and the Grateful is open to all politics, but professes none. Intense is the rivalry of these three Bristol sects. The sermons are rival sermons; the dinners are rival dinners; the speeches are rival speeches; the very collections are rival collections. Just as there are bets on the hop duty, so there are bets on which Society will get the largest collection; and they seem to run each other very even. But this year the Anchorites—not Anchorets—beat their rivals by half a neck in the race of charity, and vindicated their title of Liberals by subscribing 524*l.* against the Conservative and Dolphin bag of 519*l.*; though it is satisfactory to find that the members of the Grateful Society, who prefer almsgiving to political polemics, clubbed up 586*l.* About the time of the Colston anniversary, a Bristol paper reads like a church history. Augustinians and Pelagians, Calvinists and Arminians, Jesuits and Jansenists—these are nothing to the annual feuds of Bristol. But as Christianity is said to flourish on the animosities of its professors, so the Bristol charities and newspapers rejoice in the amiable hatred which forces political partisans to a rivalry in subscription lists and dinners.

At the Colston dinners all the Bristol notables come out, and in strong force when the Colston day is on the eve of an election, or just after one. At the general election of the present year, Mr. Berkeley defeated Sir Frederick Slade by a majority about as narrow as that which has just elevated the Anchor collection above that of the Dolphin. On Monday, accordingly, Mr. Berkeley was, for the twenty-second time, the lion of the Anchor dinner, while Sir Frederick Slade made his first—but as he promises not his last—appearance as the Tory champion at the Dolphin. It is needless to mention that Mr. Henry Berkeley on this occasion talked at length, and in his usual style, on the Ballot. At the present moment the Ballot sectarians have rather an up-hill fight to maintain. The Gloucester and Wakefield Election Commissions are ugly facts. Mr. Bright's brothers-in-law have to be accounted for. This was Mr. Berkeley's task; and we are bound to say he met the difficulty not without ingenuity. As to bribery, he says, to be sure it is six of one and half a dozen of the other. The only difference is that we Radicals do it badly, while it seems natural to the Tories. They bribe well, and are hardly ever found out. It is not our Liberal nature to bribe, and so we are clumsy and stupid in our bribery. Liberalism once, though it was by an unlucky accident, produced its Coppock; but he was a solitary monster of successful electioneering on our side. This is rather hard measure to the deserts of Sir W. Hayter. But let it pass. Nor is it over-complimentary to Liberals generally to hint that they are not only as great rogues as their neighbours, but fools into the bargain. Mr. Berkeley, however, goes further. He says the only remedy for this universal corruption is the Ballot—extend the franchise very largely, and let all elections be by Ballot. The prospect is delightful, the remedy easy, but there is this little difficulty—no human being wants it. The people are not with us. "This disgraceful state of things will never be put an end to till the people insist on it. I do not believe now they are ready to do so. The people do not lead us; the people, in fact, are the last to stand by us!"

This, though Mr. Berkeley says it, is probably very nearly the truth. What the people really want, according to Mr. Berkeley, is things to remain as they are. Borough electors like the state of things which encourages the "Man in the Moon." The constituencies of small householders rejoice in Coppocks and the arts of Coppock; they like to bring their pigs to such a market that hams sell at electioneering times for 30*l.*, or thereabouts. Mr. Berkeley does not see that this picture of the classes to whom he desires to give the suffrage is scarcely a flattering one. This estimate of the small householders is hardly that which will conciliate doubtful politicians. Their difficulty is not about the Ballot, or any mere mechanical mode of taking votes, which is an entirely subordinate question. It is this:—can additional political power—in fact, can all the political power of the State—be safely extended to those classes of whom the Gloucester and Wakefield electors are the "Upper Ten Thousand?" What we want to know is, what is the political intelligence, what is the morality and conscience of the masses? Are they fit to govern us? Are they to be trusted in electing legislators? Any contribution to the solution of this question is most valuable. We hear a vast deal of the intelligence of the small householders—it is a topic of lecturers and speech-makers. But it is a very difficult thing to get at the statistics of national intelligence. Judging from the ordinary talk of the lower sections of the middle classes, their intelligence and sense of responsibility are not very high. The literature they patronize is not very ennobling; the schools they send their children to are scarcely academies of all the intelligences and all the virtues; the representatives selected by the constituencies who most nearly approach to the classes for whom Mr. Berkeley and Mr. Bright plead are not such as we should like the destinies of this great country to be committed to. The representatives for

Marylebone, and the Tower Hamlets, and Lambeth, are not encouraging specimens of a House of Commons elected by electors of a six-pound franchise.

This is the difficulty which inquirers feel. Mr. Berkeley says that, granted the corruptibility of the Gloucester and Wakefield electors, he would entrust the franchise not only to them but to the classes below them. To be sure, they don't want this remedy for their present pleasant vices; but the franchise ought to be extended much lower, because, though it is now quite possible to bribe a thousand voters—and where there are a thousand voters, there will always be bribable electors in sufficient numbers to decide a contest—it would be impossible to bribe ten thousand. But, with all submission to Mr. Berkeley, he loses sight of the real question—which is, the moral fitness of the ten thousand to exercise this or any other political trust. This is the only question. The doubt is not, as we have said, about the Ballot, but about the fitness and qualifications of the electors. Here Mr. Berkeley's testimony is important. He gives up the present class of electors, such as those of Gloucester and Wakefield. They are so bad that they want no change. They are not for the Ballot—"the people are the last to stand by us." If this is his account of them—if their champion can give them no better character—we, who are only inquirers, only doubtful, and only call for proof of the intelligence, political and moral, of Mr. Berkeley's friends, may be at least permitted to hesitate when even he can find nothing better to say for them. The prophets prophesy falsely. Whig and Tory alike delight in corruption. "The Whig lords, the Whig landlords," and the Whig oligarchy will bribe against the Tory oligarchy," and the people delight to have it so. This testimony of Mr. Berkeley's is important; and this is also the real value of the Gloucester and Wakefield inquiries. For if the small shopkeepers are as bad as this, why should the class below them be better? The question is not whether bribery will be rendered impossible by a large extension of the suffrage. Mr. Berkeley thinks, or affects to think, it would be rendered impossible. But this is a very minor consideration. The only thing to ascertain is a voter's political capacity to form a judgment on public affairs. Now, we know what the Wakefield constituency is—we know what the Tower Hamlets constituency is. Are we prepared to go lower? Are these classes, about whom Mr. Berkeley can say nothing more consolatory than what we have seen, so very encouraging? Have Mr. Potter's clients exhibited that amount of intelligence, of knowledge of their own interests, of appreciation of the rights of others, which reasonably attracts our confidence? Any contribution to our knowledge of those classes to whom it is proposed to entrust the whole political power of England, is valuable. Mr. Berkeley ought to know his clients. His picture of them, therefore, has a distinct value.

MR. TITE ON ARCHITECTURE.

THE Institute of British Architects has recently entered on a new home in Conduit-street. The house-warming was a suitable occasion for a review of the existing condition of the mother and mistress art of architecture; and Mr. Tite was invited to deliver the inaugural address of the Institute. The opportunity was evidently an important one, but we hardly think the choice of the public orator was happy. Indeed, we are not quite satisfied that any professional artist is the very best critic or historian of his own art at any given period. It is the vice of every profession that the living professor of it must be more or less a partisan. The musical world is so divided into cliques and parties that it is almost hopeless to think of finding in any composer of the day a perfectly frank and unbiassed critic of the extant music of his own time. So is it with painting—so with all the arts, especially the plastic arts. We are not sure that the task assigned to Mr. Tite would not have been better lodged in amateur hands. There are, however, special qualities, the absence of which is conspicuous in Mr. Tite. He is certainly not the most distinguished artist of his day. He is an M.P. and a man of fortune, but he has not had the opportunity of identifying his name with any very distinguished building. The Royal Exchange is his *chef d'œuvre*. We believe him to be a very successful surveyor and a man popular in society, but in the literature and practice of very high art we do not recall his achievements. They may exist, but we are not fortunate enough to know them. Mr. Cockerell has exhibited learning; Sir Charles Barry has erected buildings of the highest importance; Mr. Penrose is accomplished in the literature and theory of his profession; and Mr. Tite has built the Royal Exchange. We much question whether, even in the eyes of enthusiasts of classical architecture, this very commonplace Roman structure entitles its author to the distinguished place which the Council of the Institute has awarded him.

Architecture is at present in no condition at all. The conflict of styles proves that, strictly speaking, Europe has no architecture. This is probably the first time in the history of art that it has come to a period of universal confusion. It is at the present moment governed by no laws. Formerly it had fixed principles at any given era. It has a chronology, and we know as certainly the date of any given building by its own confession in construction and ornamentation as by any documentary evidence. This was the condition of art at least till before the last century began. Architecture was like language—it went through successive developments. From certain elements it passed through historical

stages of change. But now it has no laws. If we were, instead of using our own language, to compose our books and essays in Greek or Latin, Sanscrit or Hebrew, Romance tongue or Spanish, indiscriminately, we should only do what we are doing in architecture. We "put up" a Greek temple, or a Mediaeval cathedral, or a Venetian palace, or a Tudor mansion, or an Egyptian propylæon, a basilica, or a votive column, and no fault is found. Were the literary history of the extant European architecture to be lost, and some of our great cities reduced to the condition of Tadmor, it would be impossible to assign their date. The architecture of the day has no principles, and Mr. Tite gives its history and attempts its criticism without a guiding principle.

Not that he is always wrong in his criticism. And he has at least done some service in contesting the praise which has been awarded to the recent exploits of French architecture in the rehabilitation of Paris. But he goes on praising here and condemning there without reference to any fixed and definite law of taste. He lacks a standard and canon of art; and—which is his chief deficiency—he does not seem to be possessed of a conviction that the whole profession is just now founded upon nothing. What he seems to say—for it is difficult to extract anything positive from his survey of the art of the present century—is that the Gothicians, as he would term them, are narrow-minded for claiming an exclusive and dominant position for their style. In this single word "style" lies the root of the evil. It cannot be that Greek art is altogether right for certain things, and right in its way, and that Pointed art is suited for certain purposes, and right in its way. This, which affects to be Liberalism, is, to use the nomenclature of another subject, Indifferentism. It is the resource of intellectual idleness and critical incapacity. The professors of Pointed art, if not right in their artistic theory—which is a separate question—are at least right in appreciating the fact that there is, and that there must be, an exclusive and prohibitory art in the architecture of every period of society or civilization. They claim for Pointed art that it is homogeneous, and therefore is a true art; and that it is equally suitable, in various developments, for every kind of building—from the cathedral, and palace, and house of assembly, to the shop and the farm-house. They may or may not be right in saying that Pointed art fulfils these conditions, answers this purpose, comes up to this high profession; but they are unquestionably right, æsthetically, in saying that architecture ought to do this. Grecian art did this—Egyptian art seems to have done this—Mediaeval art did this. It was the characteristic of all living art that it had a purpose, single, definite, and intelligible, and achieved this purpose. It had a meaning, and expressed it. Architecture with the Greeks and Mediaevalists was the expedient by which the human mind constructed material coverings for social purposes with an ornamentation significant of the construction. In this way it fulfilled the order of nature, which designs the organization of matter to answer certain conditions and necessities of life, and which clothes a structural type with the graces of ornament in colour and beauty and decoration—not hiding, but suggesting and enhancing, the skeleton or norm of life. When architecture does this, it is true—when it does not, it is false. What we had a right to expect from Mr. Tite, or any other lecturer placed on the serene heights of criticism, was to announce this the cardinal purpose of art—to give some such large and inclusive definition of architecture, and to bring existing art face to face with this definition. It was not, however, in Mr. Tite to do it; for the Royal Exchange would have confronted his theory. Here we see, in Mr. Tite's chief achievement, what, *en face*, affects to be a columnar building, with an imposing portico and pediment. We enter the portico, and have a right to expect an unbroken roof, of which the pediment is the ornamental termination. We find it to be a mere mock and show. There is no roof, and the stately portico is merely designed to hide a large space open to the skies. We survey the flanks of this sort of building, and here we find engaged columns running up (and, if the construction were true, *through*) a series of floors. We look at the portico, and find the columns backed by windows—windows to give light, with columns thrust perversely in front of them to exclude light. The architecture of fenestration and the architecture of columniation are irreconcilable. They may have the precedent of the Roman barbarism and decrepitude of art, but they have not the authority of pure Greek art. It was open to Mr. Tite to argue, and to attempt to prove, that any one development of art—Roman, or Italian, or Byzantine—was a true art. But, if true, it must be exclusive. His own art not being true, he could not say that art must be single and exclusive.

And so he goes on maundering about Pointed art being necessarily the expression of certain theological biases. Here, to be sure, Mr. Ruskin, whom he selects as the ablest champion of art, was a difficulty. Even Mr. Tite can hardly say that Mr. Ruskin is what he calls a "Puseyite." The author of the *Tract on Sheep-folds* could not, even to Mr. Tite's apprehension, have much in common with those who, he says, "seek to return to the systems and modes of faith of former times." But it suited Mr. Tite, with an eye to Lord Palmerston and the Government Offices, to misrepresent Pointed art. We wonder he did not try to connect it with St. George's-in-the-East and Mr. Bryan King. It would not have been a much worse piece of vulgar clap-trap than a good deal of what he ventured upon in depreciation of Pointed art. It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Tite, "at the close of his professional career," should have

small sympathy with an art whose claims are opposed to his own building, and whose principle is that art has laws, while his own principle is that all is vague, uncertain, and unconditioned. But we do say that Mr. Tite, addressing the whole profession—claiming to be the representative of British architecture—speaking on an occasion which demanded a passionless and dignified reticence from personal matters—should not have discredited that occasion by a hash-up of the old and refuted commonplaces of the deputation to Lord Palmerston against Mr. Scott, and by a threadbare discussion on the competition for the Government Offices. This is so poor and petty as to look something very like small personal spite. We shall not follow Mr. Tite into this discussion. But when he says that Pointed art is unsuitable to secular buildings, and that its use betrays a theological bias for superstitious forms of devotion, we would ask him whether he has seen the *Illustrated London News* of November 5? There he will see the selected design for the Parliamentary buildings to be erected at Ottawa, the capital of Canada. These buildings are of the very Italian Gothic which Mr. Tite, and the deputation to Lord Palmerston, and Lord Palmerston himself, brand as monkish and unsuitable to the character and tastes of the time. We have yet to learn the prevalence in the Canadian House of Representatives of any "Tractarian bias." The buildings seem to be very sumptuous, and exhibit a fine and diversified façade of nearly five hundred feet. They comprise halls for the two houses, and secular buildings—committee-rooms, and reporters' galleries, and apartments for the Speaker, and rooms for the Governor, and so on. The Canadians are a practical race, and wise in their generation, and know what they want, and whether they have got, not only their money's worth, but the right thing for their money. They have deliberately adopted a design which is certainly modelled, not perhaps very successfully, but still planned, after Mr. Scott's design for the Government offices. Here is Italian Gothic found suitable for Ottawa. In the very same newspaper is a drawing of the Toronto University College—the secular college founded in opposition to the ecclesiastical college of the Bishop. This also is in what would equally fall under Mr. Tite's condemnation—the round-arched Norman style. These structures, not forgetting the great building for the law courts at Manchester, gained in open competition, and designed in regular Pointed art, are at least difficulties to Mr. Tite. The men of Manchester are not, we think, more devoted than the Parliamentary representatives of Canada, and the anti-ecclesiastical university authorities of Toronto, or than Mr. Ruskin, to "Tractarian" revivalism, and yet they all recognise the suitability of Pointed Gothic to the social and living requirements of the nineteenth century. Mr. Tite has to account for this phenomenon.

REVIEWS.

THE VIRGINIANS.*

IT is a peculiarity of imaginative writers that, after they have reached a certain point of eminence, it becomes almost impossible to criticise their works in a distinctive manner. When a man writes history, metaphysics, or theology, he has something to go upon. His subject constantly supplies him with new material; and though the probability is that the style, not only of language but of thought, will be uniform throughout, the impression of uniformity will not be produced. No man except the author of the *Middle Ages* could have written the *Constitutional History of England*; but no one, we suppose, ever complained that the latter work was only the former over again. In the same way, Lord Macaulay's *Essays and History* are as easily recognised by the mental peculiarities of which they bear the traces as sovereigns by the likeness of the reigning monarch; but as each refers to a distinct set of facts or opinions, no one would say that they all amounted to very much the same thing.

With imaginative writers in general the case is altogether different. In their books, the style and the sentiment is so much more important than the specific subject-matter which is handled, that, after a certain quantity has been produced, the literary value of subsequent works fails to keep pace with the rate of production, even if the author's powers of thought and composition show no traces of overwork. For example, if Mr. Tennyson were to write ten poems on various subjects, each as good as the best of his *Idylls*, the ten taken together would not be ten times as valuable as any one of them. The thought which pervaded any one would be either the same, or nearly the same, as that which pervaded all the rest, and the differences between them would lie principally in the way of expressing that thought. There is, however, no class of books to which this observation applies so forcibly as to those novels in monthly numbers which, through the agency of Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens, have attained such remarkable popularity. The obvious tendency of the mode of publication which they have selected is to reduce the popularity of a novel almost entirely to a question of style and sentiment, and to teach people neither to expect nor to relish an interesting plot. A novel which is, in fact, the aggregate of twenty-four monthly pamphlets must always be disjointed and languid; nor

* *The Virginians: a Tale of the Last Century.* By W. M. Thackeray. Bradbury and Evans. 2 vols. 1859.

could anything short of a superhuman energy, of which neither of these writers displays much trace, keep in lively motion waters which flow through a channel so very long and so much interrupted. The consequence of this is, that whilst Mr. Dickens's novels have come to be pamphlets on various subjects, hinted and insinuated through caricatures of imaginary people, Mr. Thackeray's are assuming the type of sermons, conversations, and miscellaneous remarks put into the mouths of personages who are constantly deducing all Mr. Thackeray's favourite conclusions from their observation of each other and from their reflections on the various events amongst which their author assigns them their local habitation. Thus the substance of each successive novel is precisely the same. Each is an embodiment of Mr. Thackeray's view of human life, and that view differs extremely little whether it is taken from one point or another. In order, therefore, to criticise any one of these works, it is more or less necessary to criticise them all, or at least to criticise that general temper of mind to which they all alike owe their origin.

We do not know that Mr. Thackeray has been more fortunate than his neighbours in obtaining from his critics a just estimate of what he really thinks and has really said; and, indeed, it has always appeared to us that neither his strong nor his weak points have been very fairly appreciated by them. They seem to us to have almost uniformly overrated his powers, or rather the character of his powers; whilst, on the other hand, they have underrated, or at least misapprehended, the moral value of his writings. We hope it may not be considered impertinent to say that one of the great leading features of Mr. Thackeray's books—and one of their most honourable features—is that they are the writings of a thorough gentleman and of a man of high and liberal education. This is not only high but it is rare praise. We do not allude to those constant denunciations and exposures of social meanness and vulgarity which fill, in our judgment, much too large a space in his works; for they suggest—like all very faithful delineations of vice—the remark that what was painted so clearly must have been studied sympathetically. We refer rather to the general tone of self-restraint, modesty, and honesty which pervades his books. Mr. Thackeray always knows how to respect himself and how to respect his readers. He never takes that mean satisfaction which inferior writers so constantly display in producing an effect by roughly handling the most sacred and most delicate parts of our nature. There is no scene-painting or death-hunting in his books. When anything horrible or offensive comes in his way he turns aside from it, instead of making capital out of a minute investigation and description of its details. Thus, for example, Amory in *Pendennis* is allowed to escape the violent death originally intended for him in consideration of his misdeeds, on the ground that the subject was so horrible that to paint it truly would have been disgusting, whilst to paint it untruly would have been wrong.

The same temper of mind is even more strikingly displayed in the genuine modesty of all Mr. Thackeray's writings. They have not a single trace of that intolerable arrogance which too often distinguishes such works. The commonplace, ill-bred, uneducated, literary gentlemen who take to writing novels almost always assume that they and their craft are not only the salt of the earth, but the natural rulers, guides, and lights of mankind. They almost always assume that to be able to write a popular tale is a gift so precious that its possessor has a right to stand towards the prosaic part of human society in the same sort of relation as that which the Hebrew Prophets assumed towards the Jewish Kings. The *Graculus Esuriens* of modern literature is as versatile as his predecessor in Juvenal, but infinitely less humble. Instead of going to the infernal regions when he is told, he expects the rest of mankind to go there when he tells them, and nothing can equal the satisfaction which he feels in issuing such orders to all persons who have a recognised position or constituted authority. Mr. Thackeray is absolutely free from this monstrous presumption. He uniformly confines himself to his own legitimate sphere, and he never attempts to write upon matters which he does not understand, and hardly ever expresses any feeling but respect for those who administer the ordinary affairs of life. It is impossible not to trace in this temper of mind the effects of a really sound and liberal education. At the Charterhouse and at Cambridge, Mr. Thackeray must have learned that lesson which is, after all, one of the most important which any one can learn—that commonplace qualities which insure commonplace success are by no means matters of course—that, on the contrary, their possession and cultivation require strenuous, long-continued efforts, the results of which are thoroughly worthy of the respect and admiration of every man of sufficient understanding to appreciate their importance—and that it is a miserable fallacy to suppose that the mere sayer or writer of good things is entitled to treat with contempt the opinions or the practice of a person who has made a special study the object of his life. Few parts of the teaching of English schools and colleges are so valuable as the constant proof which they afford, to every student who has sufficient generosity and candour to feel it, of the fact that he is by no means the greatest man in the world, and that he cannot expose himself more effectually than by trying to teach mankind at large to suck eggs.

Mr. Thackeray's intellectual gifts have met, we think, with more justice than the moral tone of his books. In one particular art his skill is almost miraculous. He has the power of combining a constant flow of delicate satire with minute, though not

grotesque, accuracy of portrait-painting which we do not think any other writer in the language possesses. What he knows and has seen and felt he can reproduce as no other man ever could reproduce it. This power, combined with that delicacy of phraseology and observation which it implies, places him very high indeed in the list of English novelists. Those who want to know how people amused themselves, what were the special foibles and hypocrisies of society, and, generally, what was the slight and weak side of the middle and upper classes of English society in the middle of the nineteenth century, and how all this presented itself to the mind of a man quite capable of viewing its pettiness in the light of something far higher and nobler—though from that something he preferred to turn away his eyes—will always find in Mr. Thackeray's works more abundant satisfaction for their curiosity than is usually supplied to any curiosity of the kind.

Such are, we think, the strong points of Mr. Thackeray's novels. Their weak points may almost be inferred from the strong ones without further explanation; but their principal weakness has perhaps not been so fully recognised as it might be. The view of life which they adopt is as shallow as it is accurate so far as it goes. It is no doubt a great thing that Mr. Thackeray himself is quite aware of its shallowness; but still it is systematically and consciously superficial. In one of the many "asides" to the reader in which the *Virginians*, like all his other works, abounds, Mr. Thackeray not only avows this, but maintains that it is inevitable. Friendly critics, he says, have observed that the real business of life is not represented in his novels—that there is, after all, much more in the world than love-making, gambling, the giving of parties, and the little domestic tyrannies and hypocrisies which seem essential to his conception of the female character. This he admits is quite true; but how could anything so prosaic as real business be introduced into a work of fiction? How, he pleads, can I tell my readers how the lawyer and the doctor, by obscure toils and uninteresting opportunities, gradually worked their way in their profession—how the clergyman managed his parishioners, how the shopkeeper extended his business, or even how the author wrote his books—unless, indeed, like Mr. Pendennis, he spent his evenings at the Back Kitchen, and made amusing speeches about it to Mr. Warrington afterwards? War, he says, is the only branch of the common business of life which is sufficiently picturesque for the purposes of the novelist; and he accordingly scatters observations on the American War pretty freely through the second volume of the *Virginians*.

The answer to these questions appears to us to afford what is perhaps the broadest criticism that can be made, not only on Mr. Thackeray's novels, but on the modern practice to which he has so powerfully contributed, of writing novels without a plot. It is simply this—that novels ought to have plots, and that the development of those plots would afford opportunities for referring to the common business of life, and doing honour to the commonplace virtues which secure success in it. The strongest illustration of this is to be found in two writers, each of whom has powerfully influenced Mr. Thackeray's literary career—we mean Balzac and Charles de Bernard. Balzac's novels, as every one knows, form a sort of picture gallery, in which are contained portraits of members of every one of the classes which, taken together, made up the French society in which he lived. With a vanity and an affectation of omniscience equally characteristic of himself and of his nation, Balzac aimed at describing every pursuit and every rank of life, from the king to the beggar; and it cannot be doubted that a great part of his descriptions is altogether, or at least to a great extent, untrue. Still the interest and importance which his novels derive from this characteristic are exceedingly great. They give with wonderful point and effect the view which one of the cleverest and most inquisitive men in France took of the daily life and principal occupations of those amongst whom his life was passed. The mass of information (true and false) which his novels contain about every transaction of French life—about marriages, sales, bills of exchange, the investment of property, the army, the lawyers, the priests, the criminals, the doctors, the journalists, the landholders, the shopkeepers, and every other class of Frenchmen—is often untrustworthy and occasionally tiresome, but it is generally exceedingly interesting, and there is, at any rate, enough of it to satisfy the most gluttonous of human appetites.

The same, to a much smaller extent, is the case with Charles de Bernard. The *Gentilhomme Campagnard* and *L'Homme Sérieux* introduce us to large sections of everyday life. They contain pictures of the ordinary routine of the business of a country lawyer—of the causes tried before a *juge de paix*—of the curious system of local administration which is so important an element of French life—of the Liberal deputies, Democratic journalists, and Legitimist nobles who played their parts under Louis Philippe—and of an immense number of other things and persons belonging almost universally to the prose of life. These pictures are all introduced in the most easy and natural way, and, notwithstanding Mr. Thackeray's dictum, they form by far the most interesting and important parts of the books in which they are contained. How, then, do these French writers produce an effect which Mr. Thackeray despairs of producing? Simply by bearing in mind the truth that a novel is not primarily a set of descriptions of states of mind, but a story; and that, in order that it may be a good story, it is absolutely

essential that it should have a plot. The complications of the events related bring the parties to a trial, and this gives an opportunity for showing how the judges and lawyers pass their time—or there is an illness, and this brings the physician on the stage. Every pursuit in life has its special transactions which are capable of being described in an interesting and striking manner. Balzac makes a whole novel turn upon the manner in which a perfumer carries on his business and speculates in a newly invented description of hair oil. If he had taken Mr. Thackeray's view of the duties of a novelist, and instead of the story of *César Biroteau*, his baths, and his perfumes, had given us a volume of meditations on life from the point of view of Biroteau, he would certainly have produced something neither readable nor intelligible. Mr. Thackeray has the less excuse, because he can make a plot when he tries; and, when he does so, he is insensibly carried out of his constant meditations on the astonishing truth that there really is a seamy side to human affairs, and that it is perfectly possible to confine one's attention to it. The *Hoggarty Diamond* and *Barry Lyndon* have each a story well contrived and well told, and the consequence is that we get in those works real characters, instead of accounts of the reflections suggested to Mr. Thackeray by his fictitious characters.

In the *Virginians*, as in *Esmond*, Mr. Thackeray appears to have caught sight of the necessity of having a plot for his novels; and though he has not kept it before him so steadily as might have been desired, he has considerably added to the interest of his work by giving it a semi-historical character. The pictures of Marlborough and Washington, which he has rather sketched than drawn, are remarkable exceptions to the generally superficial character of his subjects. The habit of adopting "*Scriberis Vario*" as his motto, and of leaving the great affairs of the world for others to handle, is, indeed, so inveterate that when he comes across a great man he indicates instead of painting his greatness; but he does so with a spirit of honourable respect, and with an eager acknowledgment and instinctive appreciation of the fact that the man with whom he is concerned really was great, which increase our regret that he did not adopt more worthy walks of literature at an earlier stage of his career. If he had acquired the knowledge and exercised the power necessary for such an undertaking whilst it was possible to do so, he might have written such a novel as haunts the dreams of most modern novelists. He might have produced a novel which would have been a faithful and not unworthy picture of some characteristic feature of the great epoch in which he lives—which would have shown not merely the petty, but the grand side of English life, and have enabled future generations to know what sort of limbs were still made in England in the age when all countries alike grew rich, and built railroads, and dug canals, and set up electric telegraphs, but when one country alone could reform ancient institutions without tyranny or bloodshed, could extend its empire without losing its freedom, and could show armies, second to none in courage and in glory, which had never fired a shot or levelled a bayonet in civil war. These are imperial arts; and to show by what sort of persons they were cultivated would perhaps be the grandest enterprise which a writer of fiction could attempt. It has not been achieved by Mr. Thackeray, and we fear that it is now too late for him to achieve it. It is, however, much that he has felt and acknowledged the existence of greatness which he has not painted, and that he, at least, is free from the reproach of systematically debasing and insulting the generation in which he lives.

CEYLON.*

SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT'S *Ceylon* is undeniably a remarkable work. Whether it is a complete monograph—as one of its critics has described it—we cannot undertake to say, from a consciousness that we comprehend but imperfectly in what sense it is termed a monograph at all; but it may certainly be classed among the most exhaustive of recent publications. As a physical, historical, and topographical account of one of the most important islands under British dominion, it is replete with interesting and curious matter. It was once said that it was impossible for any one to be so wise as Lord Thurlow looked. Readers who are apt to glance slightly over the pages of a thick volume may be tempted to assert that it is out of the question for anybody to know so absolutely whatever is to be known about Ceylon, as the writer of such a work as Sir Emerson Tennent's appears to know. From the estimation of fishes to the historical details of the planting of the sacred Bo-tree of Anarajapoorā (B.C. 288)—from the fantastical varieties of orthopterous insects which simulate inanimate nature in the forests of Ceylon, to the traditions of the sacred footstep upon Adam's Peak—Fauna, Flora, Mnemosyne—every branch of knowledge has been forced to yield its fruit to the inquiring ardour of the late Government Secretary. Written with great clearness, and occasionally with considerable descriptive power, and fortified at all points with specific references to authorities, this result of his extra-official labours cannot fail to secure itself a permanent place among the local handbooks of science and history which adorn all large libraries, and are valued by all serious students in proportion to the research they show and the trouble they save.

* *Ceylon: an Account of the Island—Physical, Historical, and Topographical; with Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities, and Productions.* By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D., &c. London: Longmans, 1859.

Yet we are not sure that it is calculated for immediate or extensive popularity. Each of its chapters will be most interesting to a special class of the public; but each chapter, or at least each part, requires a special class of its own. The interest does not converge, except for such readers as have visited, or are likely to visit Ceylon, or have some other particular reason for wishing to consider the subject from all possible points of view. In one portion of the book, indeed, all who open it will find a common if not an equally-absorbing interest—namely, in the chapters on the elephant. Often as the methods of capture and training of "the great earth-shaking beast" have been described, we doubt whether any previous eyewitness has narrated with such a curious felicity and clearness those particulars of the process which throw most light upon the singular and anomalous intelligence with which the creature is endowed. And Sir James Tennent, though no sportsman himself in practice or in tastes, has collected from native and European elephant-hunters many novel details of its habits in the jungle, and verified by personal observation and scientific investigation several singular and hitherto unknown points of its animal economy. But with the exception of the portion devoted to this subject, we doubt whether the very fullness and breadth of the work will not give it a slight taste of *caviare* to the multitude. It is not unlike a magazine, in which the articles should embrace among them *omne scibile*, while all were written with a stern determination to be more eminently serious and useful than each other. Poor, weak human nature likes to trifle with a pretty little kick-shaw between the solid dishes in literary entertainments as well as in dinners.

Travellers in a strange land are apt to feel a vivid interest in the identification of historical sites, and the collection of evidence or local tradition pertinent thereto, which those who stay at home can with difficulty realize. It is one among many proofs of the truth of Horace's observation as to the comparative strength of the impressions made by seeing and hearing, that every intelligent yachtsman in the Gulf of Arta tries to fix the bearings of Argos Amphilocheium, and every idler up the Nile becomes, for the time being, more or less of an Egyptologist. Scores of persons, whose faith in the accuracy of Biblical records requires no confirmation whatever, feel an irrepressible satisfaction when they find among the captives of Sheshonk sculptured on the walls of Thebes a figure with a hieroglyphic superscription which can be interpreted as "King of the country of Juth" (Judah?), and they return to England all the happier for thinking that they have, perhaps, seen a conventional portrait of Rehoboam. It will not improbably add considerable interest to that already felt by outward-bound passengers in the Peninsular and Oriental steamers in their first glimpse of Indian land, to know that, according to the best authorities, Point de Galle is the Tarshish which was visited by the navies of Hiram and Solomon. Sir Emerson Tennent's statement of the evidence in behalf of this theory is really so clear and so strong, if not irresistible, that we are tempted to reproduce the outline of it here.

Tarshish obviously lay in the road to Ophir, the land from which Solomon procured gold. Malacca was known to the later Greek geographers as the Golden Chersonese; and in the Malay language, *ophir* is the generic term for a gold mine. King Solomon made a navy of ships in Eziongeber, "which is beside Elath, on the shore of the Red Sea." Sir Emerson Tennent, in a note, by the way, uses a questionable expression which might imply that Eziongeber was situated on the Gulf of Suez, in saying that Solomon's merchandise was carried across the isthmus of Suez to El-Arish or Rhinocolura. Elath (the Roman *Ælana*) and Eziongeber are clearly where Robinson places them, at the extreme north-eastern point of the Gulf of Akabah; from which the track of the caravans, even to a point so far west as El-Arish, does not lie across the isthmus of Suez properly so called. From Eziongeber, Solomon's navy traded with Tarshish and Ophir. "Once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." In a Persian poem of the tenth century, which describes an expedition from Jerusalem to Ceylon, the outward voyage is stated as occupying a year and a half—a coincidence which would be valueless, if it were not for the regular limits imposed upon unscientific navigation in the Indian Seas by the recurrence of the monsoons. Gold, as Sir Emerson Tennent remarks, could have been trans-shipped at the main port of Ceylon from the vessels which brought it from Ophir. "Silver spread into plates," which Jeremiah mentions as coming from Tarshish, is even yet in use as the material of the sacred books of the Singhalese. Ivory was, of course, from the earliest times an export from Ceylon, and even more common formerly than now. Apes are indigenous to the island, and peafowl abound there. It is curious that the very terms by which these three latter articles of commerce are designated in the Hebrew invoice, so to speak, are identical with their Tamil nomenclature in Ceylon at the present day. And we may strengthen Sir Emerson Tennent's argument on this point by adding that those terms were so entirely foreign and alien from the common Hebrew language as to have driven the Ptolemaist authors of the Septuagint version into a mere shot in the dark, or a blunder, by which the ivory, apes, and peacocks come out as "hewn and carven stones."

If Tarshish be once placed in Ceylon, everything seems to point to its being expressly localized at Point de Galle. This has been from time immemorial the great emporium of the island. Under the name of Kalah, it was the rendezvous for the Persian

and Arabian vessels in the time of Haroun Alraschid trading with China. The impossibility of navigating the Strait of Manasar except with the smallest craft, as well as the difficulties in regard of winds and currents, which would painfully add to the length of the voyage for ships from Arabia or the Persian Gulf in rounding the south-east coast of Ceylon, exclude the noble harbour of Trincomalee from all claim to this historical distinction. And Pliny learned from the ambassadors sent from Ceylon to the Emperor Claudius that the great port of the island fronted the south—a description applicable to no point on the coast but that of Galle. In default of any ground of the slightest probability for a bare suggestion that the dépôt of general Asiatic maritime trade was silently changed in the interim (a thing utterly repugnant to the habits of timid tenacity and slowly-bought experience characteristic of Eastern sailors), it may be reasonably concluded that the great port of Ceylon, from the times of Claudius to those of Haroun Alraschid, and from his times to those of the Dutch and the Portuguese, was also the great port of Ceylon in the times of Solomon.

Passing from historical record to the realm of more impalpable stories of adventure, it is curious to find traces of a similarity to some of the Homeric legends in the metrical chronicles containing the early dynastic history of Ceylon. Insular claimants in the Mediterranean Sea for the honours due to the island of Calypso, the isle of the Sirens, or other localities of which the fame is bound up with the wanderings of Ulysses, may find their rivals in heroic interest among the magic-haunted scenery of the Indian ocean. The *Mahawanso*, or genealogy of the Great Dynasty of Ceylon, relates, in its sacred verse, the landing of the Bengalee Prince Wijayo, founder of that dynasty, upon the island, B.C. 543. It is the story of Ulysses and Circe almost to the letter—so exactly told that Sir Emerson Tennent finds it “difficult to conceive that the Singhalese historian of the fifth century was entirely ignorant of the works of the Father of Poetry.” Without pledging ourselves or our readers to adopt the still more difficult conception that the compiler of the *Mahawanso* was in any degree a Homeric scholar, we cannot but express gratitude to Sir Emerson Tennent for having brought into notice the singular resemblance, of which all may judge for themselves:—

Wijayo and his followers, having made good their landing, are met by a *devo* (a divine spirit), who blesses them, and ties a sacred thread as a charm on the arm of each. One of the band presently discovers the Princess in the person of a devotee, seated near a tank, and she being a magician (Yakkini) imprisons him, and eventually the rest of his companions, in a cave. The *Mahawanso* then proceeds: “All these persons not returning, Wijayo, becoming alarmed, equipping himself with the five weapons of war, proceeded after them, and examined the delightful pond. He could perceive no footsteps but those leading down into it, and there he saw the Princess. It occurred to him his retinue must surely have been seized by her, and he exclaimed, ‘Pray, why dost not thou produce my attendants?’ ‘Princess,’ she replied, ‘from attendants what pleasure canst thou derive? Drink and bathe ere thou departest.’ Seizing her by the hair with his left hand, whilst with his right he raised his sword, he exclaimed, ‘Slave, deliver my followers or die.’ The Yakkini, terrified, implored for her life. ‘Spare me, Prince, and on thee will I bestow sovereignty, my love, and my service.’ In order that he might not be again involved in difficulty he forced her to swear, and when he again demanded the liberation of his attendants she brought them forth, and declaring ‘these men must be famishing,’ she distributed to them rice, and other articles procured from the wrecked ships of mariners who had fallen a prey to her. A feast follows, and Wijayo and the Princess retire to pass the night in an apartment which she causes to spring up at the foot of a tree, curtained as with a wall and fragrant with incense.”

The transformation of the companions of Eurylochus into swine, and the actual draining by Ulysses of the charmed cup without feeling its power, had apparently dropped out in the recitals of the successive rhapsodists who, according to Sir Emerson Tennent’s theory, must have carried the “Father of Poetry” into the legendary history of Ceylon.

The tradition of the Sirens appears to have travelled even further East. Chinese memoirs of travel in the earlier centuries of the Christian era dilate frequently upon the beautiful she-devils that inhabited Ceylon, and delighted in inveigling unwary mariners into their toils. “Elles épiaient”—Sir Emerson Tennent quotes from Hiouen-Thsang, a chronicler of Buddhist pilgrimages who flourished in the seventh century—“constamment les marchands qui abordaient dans l’île, et se changeant en femmes d’une grande beauté elles venaient au-devant d’eux avec des fleurs odorantes et au son des instruments de musique, leur adressaient des paroles bienveillantes et les attiraient dans la ville de fer. Alors elles leur offraient un joyeux festin et se livraient au plaisir avec eux: puis elles les enfermaient dans un prison de fer et les mangeaient l’un après l’autre.” Demons or no demons, the manners towards strangers of the aboriginal inhabitants of the isle, and their method of conducting commercial transactions by way of barter, while invisible themselves—a habit not only spoken to by all early Chinese travellers, but mentioned as a national peculiarity of their countrymen by the Singhalese ambassadors to Pliny—must have gone far to justify and account for the questionable reputation they so long enjoyed. Prospero’s own island could hardly have been more mysteriously beautiful and fearful than the coasts of Serendib or Taprobane to the superstitious Asiatic or Western mariner. Some of the habits of their ancestors of more than two thousand years back are perpetuated among the Veddahs, or wild tribes of Ceylon, at the present day. The Calibans of the time of Cosmas Indicopleustes have been seen and noted by Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D., in the fifth decade of the nineteenth century. They are to be found below the south-eastern ex-

tremitry of the high land of Ceylon, having retired by degrees from the spread of civilization into the deeper jungles. They fell back, in the first instance, before Wijayo and his followers. Shrinking from intercourse or intermarriage with the alien races which have overrun their territory, they have probably dwindled in number in proportion to the gradual narrowing of the range of their hunting-grounds, while stationary in moral and intellectual cultivation. In the times of the Dutch they were to be found far to the north of their present abode—in the Wanny, the district immediately adjoining the peninsula of Jaffna. Their entire number is now estimated at eight thousand—a conjectural census, which Sir Emerson Tennent considers an exaggerated one. There they are, “plain for all folk to see,” “a living portraiture of the condition of the islanders as described in the *Mahawanso*, before the Bengal conquerors had taught the natives the rudiments of agriculture, and rendered Lanka habitable for men”—or, we might even say, a living relic of a time when the voyages of Ulysses and Sinbad were almost possible.

The survivors of this forlorn race are now divided into two, or even three classes—the Rock Veddahs, the Village Veddahs, and the Coast Veddahs. A faint difference in habits and general civilization is indicated in their several names. Huts of mud and bark, and the rude cultivation of some coarse kind of grain are the distinctive marks of the Village Veddahs. The Coast Veddahs have learned that labour is not only productive but actually marketable. They live by hiring themselves as assistants to the native fishermen or to the woodcutters who fell the forest timber and float it down the rivers to the sea-coast. The Rock Veddahs are, as their name imports, the lowest in the social scale—*miseri venatores*, as a German Emperor once styled himself—still drawing the bow with the foot as well as the hand, after the Indian fashion in the time of Alexander, and sleeping in holes in the rocks, or up among the branches of the forest trees. They live on roots, fruits, and the produce of their hunting, and will eat even bats, owls, and kites, but not the flesh of the bear, elephant, or buffalo. They dry the meat of their game in the sun, and store it up in hollow trees, of which they stop the holes with clay. But it appears that they invariably cook it with fire, and they have an epicure’s relish for lizards and monkeys roasted. They are, of course, familiar with the primeval art of rubbing two sticks into a blaze, and practised it in the presence of Sir Emerson Tennent. Their vocabulary consists of a few words of some dialect of Singhalese, free from any admixture of Sanskrit or Pali, but hardly intelligible to an ordinary Singhalese; and even among themselves conversation is carried on mainly by signs. They are said to have no idea of time or distance, no names for hours, days, or years; and they can hardly count beyond five on their own fingers. They have no trace of religious feeling, says Sir Emerson Tennent, or idea of any future state whatever—no prayers to idols, and no idols to pray to. They have not even charms in use, except one against thunder and lightning, and a devil-dance to drive away sickness by virtue of inspired prescriptions bellowed out by the dancers—a practice perhaps not so much more irrational than faith in the diagnosis by clairvoyants under mesmerism. It is a matter for legitimate speculation whether the abstinence from the flesh of the bear, elephant, and buffalo, for which Sir Emerson Tennent says he could discover no assigned reason whatever, may not be the token of some religious reverence for creatures almost as crafty as, and much mightier than, themselves—some traditional relic of a “cult” towards the strongest and most terrible objects that they knew. They have no marriage rites; but they acknowledge the obligations of matrimony, and the duty of parents to maintain their own children. For economical reasons which press strongly on a hunting community, they prohibit polygamy; and it appears that whatever laws they enact they observe with some degree of respect, although breaches of most moral commandments are held as fully satisfied by flogging or compensation. They do not bury their dead, but painfully, as Robin Redbreast the babes in the wood, cover them with leaves. It is curious that, although they are devoid of any theories of caste as among themselves, they are recognised by the Kandyans generally as belonging to the highest caste of all. Truly, as Hamlet says—“What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!”

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE OF CAMPBELL.*

IF a life of Campbell was to be written, it was natural that Mr. Redding should write it. The task had been specially entrusted to him by Campbell himself, and Mr. Redding was for many years on terms of close intimacy with the poet. How Campbell would like his life if he could but read it, and whether a life of him at all was wanted, it is not quite so easy to say. Mr. Redding has spun out the memoir of Campbell’s most uneventful life by inserting abundance of what he terms literary reminiscences, such as that Campbell made bad puns, that Campbell thought of alterations in his poems which he rejected or adopted, or that the poet met other persons of notoriety at dinner or breakfast. But all that it can concern any human being to know about Campbell might be told in fifty pages.

* *Literary Reminiscences and Memoirs of Thomas Campbell.* By Cyrus Redding. London: Skeet.

Nothing remarkable happened to him; his poems require no elucidation from his life; his literary efforts, with the exception of his poems, were of the feeblest description; and his character, though not unattractive to his friends, was not of any unusual nobleness, force, or originality. But there are some persons to whom all literary reminiscences are a treat; and the general public must for their sake endure to be told the most trivial anecdotes about men who have attained any degree of celebrity. There are readers, we should imagine, who, because Campbell wrote two or three spirited odes and a few powerful heroics, will actually care to learn that on one occasion Campbell's proofs were very late for the press; and that on another occasion Campbell set off to go to Dulwich, but turned back. Nor, perhaps, will their enjoyment be marred by finding that Mr. Redding seldom composes two sentences running with any ascertainable grammatical construction. But readers of a less special turn will find little in these volumes except a mass of wearisome and ill-written tittle-tattle. We wish that in their place we could have had a short and modest memoir fitted to the subject, and comprising the little that is really to be known of the unmarked career of one of our minor poets.

The life of Campbell may be divided into three sections. In the first section he wrote, at an early age, the poems that have made him famous. This period ended with the publication of *Gertrude of Wyoming* in 1809. In the second period he lived on his fame, wrote some mediocre verses, sold his name to the publisher of the *New Monthly*, and received the public honour of being three times elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University. In the third period, beginning with his wife's death and his third election, in 1828, to his death, in 1844, he was in a miserable state of gloom, restlessness, and complete literary decay. He was born in 1777, and was the son of a Glasgow merchant. He received a good education and was considered an intelligent lad, but gave no promise of unusual eminence in poetry or anything else, although Mr. Redding informs us that certain early verses by Campbell on a parrot's death will at least bear comparison with those of Johnson on his duck. The poet's friends and teachers were as much taken by surprise as the outer world when, in 1799, Campbell, then in his twenty-second year, published the *Pleasures of Hope*; and its popularity, which has continued to the present time, would be a sufficient proof of its merit even if it showed less vigour of thought and richness of fancy. In the days when it was published, it also enjoyed the advantage of being written in a style then in fashion, and the Scotch were quite justified in looking on young Campbell as a lion, and treating him as such. Shortly after the publication of the *Pleasures of Hope*, the poet went abroad, and actual inspection of the horrors of a battlefield suggested to him the beautiful lines on *Hohenlinden*. These lines, the *Warning of Lochiel*, and both his great odes, the *Battle of the Baltic* and *Ye Mariners of England*, were written before he was twenty-eight. These odes are both admirable in themselves and curious as differing so completely from the first poem of the author. It was a great step for a young man who had attained celebrity by a composition in the style of Pope and Goldsmith to pass within two or three years to lyrics so new, so unique, and so finished as these odes. It is also wonderful that a poet who had shown himself at twenty-eight capable of doing so much should have lived to write for many years and yet have never again approached the merit of these early compositions. In 1809, when he was thirty-two, he published the pretty but laboured and tame poem of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and after that he never wrote anything which, so far as his permanent reputation is concerned, might not as well have been put at once into the fire.

Campbell seems to have been aware that his poetical power was exhausted, and during the rest of his life he was made wretched by the thought that his present was unequal to the past, and that he was falling below his old reputation. He lost the spring and energy which fired his odes, and his distrust of himself combined with his habitual idleness to prevent his ever undertaking more than short fugitive pieces, with the exception of his feeble and forgotten *Theodoric*. His range of interest was very limited. He seems never to have gone beyond the faintest flutterings of love. He never took the trouble to observe nature. He had no steady inclination to any branch of study. He felt, indeed, a warm sympathy both with the Greeks and the Poles, but the sufferings and efforts of these nations only caught his attention when his powers had either decayed or were at least rusty for want of use. He had nothing to write about, and not much to write for, as he does not seem to have been ever in any great want of money. In 1820, the *New Monthly* was started, and Campbell was appointed editor. Immediately on his appointment he explained that, so far as the work went, he must beg to transmit it to the shoulders of some one else; and Mr. Redding was therefore appointed to discharge the duties of the office. Campbell lent his name, wrote two or three times a year a very hastily-penned poem of a few stanzas to fill up room, and exercised a sort of general supervision, which consisted almost entirely in taboos of all subjects of unusual interest, lest it should be thought that so great a man as the poet Campbell held the opinions advocated by the magazine he conducted. Mr. Redding speaks of Campbell's conduct as editor with much kindness and sense; and, personally, he appears to have been cheered under his drudgery with the delightful thought that he was collecting literary

reminiscences of the man whose duties he was discharging. The history of the *New Monthly*, which is set out at length in these volumes, has really very little to do with Campbell's life. Campbell's only connexion with it was that, in return for a handsome annuity, he hampered the working editor, worried the printer by losing and detaining the proofs, and occasionally inserted some weak verses of his own.

During the second period of his life, Campbell was not only enjoying the literary reputation earned by his earlier works, but he was a man of some public mark. He was one of the original institutors and promoters of the London University; and his three elections at Glasgow were a distinction that, if not very great in itself, was peculiarly grateful to him from early associations. In the middle of his life he was also gay and lively, and was everywhere a good and welcome companion. At home he had an excellent counsellor and friend in his wife, who was a cousin of his, and whom he had married in 1803. Her care and prudence kept him straight and comfortable in spite of his laziness, absence of mind, and carelessness. But, in 1828, he had the misfortune to lose her; and, as his only surviving child was a son of unsound mind, he was thrown desolate on the world. In 1830, the rupture with the proprietor of the *New Monthly*, which must have been impending from the first, really came, and Campbell ceased to have any regular occupation. He tried to employ his time and to trade on his name by one or two lamentable specimens of hack-writing. His life of Mrs. Siddons was as bad as it could be, and he did not even write his *Life of Frederick the Great*, but merely sold the use of his name on the title-page. The story of his concluding years is exceedingly sad. The whole balance of his mind seemed lost. He could find peace in no resting place, and interest in no occupation. Without a home, without a purpose, and without hope, he got through the years in alternating the loneliness of vacant solitude with the excitement of inferior society and of wine. Respect for the memory of a man who has deserved well of his country and his generation should throw a veil over this last portion of his existence. Nor in any part of his life is there much that is worth remarking. He had justice done to him by his contemporaries, and he has left a few things that posterity is not likely to let die. His fame would have been equally great, or perhaps greater, if he had never written anything but the *Pleasures of Hope*, *Hohenlinden*, and the *Odes*; and few men ever got better paid for what he did. His biographer calculates that he received fifteen shillings and a fraction a line, and the Fox Ministry gave him in 1806 a pension of 180*l.* a year, which Lord Melbourne long afterwards increased to 300*l.* In addition, he really received the pay of the editorship of the *New Monthly* for the poems he had written so many years before. The Muses were to him golden mistresses, and he made their short-lived friendship answer uncommonly well. Now that all questions of gold and profit are over, Campbell reaps perhaps a larger harvest of fame in proportion to the seed he has sown than any English poet. Why this is so, it is not easy to say exactly. We cannot analyse the impression his odes make on us. Somehow they are exactly the thing we want, in cadence, in spirit, and in feeling; and should a period of naval excitement return, we shall probably have very frequent opportunities of testing their power of exciting and moving us.

THE INDO-EUROPEAN UNITY.*

THAT the science of comparative philology—the felicitous creation of Franz Bopp—is not only important in the eyes of its own adepts, but offers some chapters also to interest, astonish, and delight the general reader, is already well known. It has read for us those rock-inscriptions of “the Great King” of the Persians, of which, for thousands of years, no human soul had understood one letter. It interprets for the first time the mysterious Book of Zoroaster, which in the mouths of his own followers has become mere gibberish. It teaches the reluctant Brahman himself the real doctrine of his sacred Veda. It solves finally, in our own quarters, the problem of Celtic ethnology, about which a whole library of confusion had been inflicted upon us. It has disclosed—as W. von Humboldt said, comparing Bopp to Columbus—a new world to the historian—viz., the knowledge of the Indo-European Unity.

These and similar achievements have already drawn to the new science the attention of many who otherwise would not care much about purely linguistic discussions. But beyond all this, comparative philology promised something even higher still. There was one prize held out by it which may fairly be allowed to be its very crown and acme, and to carry off which must surely have been the dream of more than one scholar. This was, to take boldly the sum total of the linguistic results, and to turn them to the direct use of the historian of civilization—to reconstruct a picture of the primitive life of our Indo-European ancestors by means of the vocables of their language, now that these can be recovered by the comparative method. Success in this would clearly be nothing less than inserting a new chapter in the history of mankind—restoring those lost leaves of the annals of the world on which the very beginnings of the Greeks, Romans, Hindus, Celts, Germans, and Slaves

* *Les Origines Indo-Européennes, ou les Aryas Primitifs. Essai de Paléontologie Linguistique. Par Adolphe Pictet. Première Partie. Paris et Genève. 1859.*

were written. At this prize a deservedly renowned linguist has boldly grasped—M. Pictet of Geneva, one of the most accomplished, ingenious, and devoted followers of the great German master. In the opening volume of his *Origines Indo-Européennes* he gives to the world the first instalment of the result of his labours.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may still be useful to say a few words on the starting-point, the feasibility, and the magnitude of such an undertaking. The term "Indo-European," introduced by Bopp, comprises six families of nations, which form one distinct stock or subdivision of the Caucasian race. They are the following:—the Aryan family of India and Persia, the Greek, the Italic, the Teutonic, the Slavonic, and sixth, as we now may add—thanks to the researches of Zeuss—the Celtic family. The original unity of these is established. This unity is, in the first place, a strictly genealogical one—a real identity of blood. Some thousands of years ago, these Indo-Europeans were only one single people—homogeneous in itself as much as any other race of mankind—out of which grew, by a mere natural ramification, first the sixfold variety, afterwards a further multiplicity. Resting on the original unity and sameness, the great actual differences arose gradually, in the course of ages, by separation, divergence, and independent development, just as out of one stem six branches may grow and turn away into opposite directions. That common stem of our nations we call "the Indo-European parent-people," and the period during which it flourished is "the Period of the Unity."

The question then naturally arises, what degree of civilization did our parent-people possess at that period? for, as much knowledge and culture as then existed among them, so much, obviously, must all their descendants have brought away with them at parting as an equal portion of inheritance—Celts no less than Greeks, Hindus, and the others. If, indeed, it should be the case that during the Unity our ancestors had made no material advance in civilization—if they were, in fact, not much better than savages—the historian need trouble himself no longer with the question; for then, in spite of their common descent, each family would stand before him, for all practical purposes, quite self-dependent. But if, on the other hand, it should turn out that, before their parting, social development had already so far advanced as to give a direction to their after-progress, to have stamped an indelible impress on their character, manners, and institutions—if it had, in short, been something tangible—in that case the Unity forms a decided factor in their history. It would then represent an identical primary mould for them all, however diversely its impress may have been modified or partially obliterated by later developments.

By means of the old-established instruments of historical research this common impress has never been satisfactorily traced. If it existed, it lay so hidden and overgrown—so, as it were, chemically latent—that historians were unable to discern or analyse it. Nothing but an *à priori* knowledge of it could insure its proper identification; and to obtain this knowledge some quite unthought-of source had to be discovered, for of that earliest Indo-European people and its civilization there is neither any contemporary record extant, nor any monuments, as of the Assyrians and Egyptians.

Such a source, however, is now found, and for the first time laid open to us. It is *Language*. We know for certain that already during the Unity the Indo-Europeans possessed a copious and well-settled language of much the same character as Greek and Latin. Its beautifully crystallized grammatical structure was even more pellucid than it appears in either of these two daughter dialects. It is not from this beauty of form, however, that any conclusions as to higher social development can be drawn, since we often find the rudest tribes possessing languages magnificently rich in grammatical forms. Such conclusions can only be drawn from the lexicon. The ambit of words which a language possesses marks the mental horizon of the people who speak it. Now it has been found, most fortunately, that the vocables, with their form and meaning, were likewise already firmly settled among the ancestral people, and that they formed by no means a poor glossary. This glossary, after the break-up of the Unity, the Indo-European offspring necessarily carried away with them, and each family changed and developed it differently in course of time. But fortunately the various changes, the disfigurements of the primary forms, did not proceed so far as to make it impossible, even at the present day, to identify the words that once belonged to our primitive vocabulary. The variously defaced and mutilated coins of that ancestral mint may still be compared, and their image and superscription discerned and read by the practised eye.

Here lies the foundation of M. Pictet's *Origines Indo-Européennes*. As soon as the original glossary became accessible, it was only necessary to combine the realism of the historian with the formalism of the linguist, to make it bear witness of the past. How to do this, the great example of Jacob Grimm has taught us. The vocables recovered are so many ideas attested, so many concrete things registered as having existed at the period of the Unity. Their totality is the required contemporary evidence on the state of life as it then and there was. If we find that our ancestors had already such words as *argantam*, "silver," *nâvas*, "ships," *aksas*, "axletree," *misdhas*, "hire," *râgs*, "king," *vidhavâ*, "widow," *snigh*, "to snow," it is evident that they

must have possessed, or known, the things implied; and we may draw our conclusions from that fact. On the other hand, if for other notions, like "sail," "writing," "money," "priest," "ebb and flow," "monkey," no terms can be identified, we are inclined to see in this so much negative evidence that these things were not yet known among them. Present or absent, they give light and shadow to the picture.

Of course, not every prototypical Indo-European word will possess equal instructive force for the special end of indicating a higher or lower degree of culture. Three-fourths of them represent nothing but the reality of human life in general. To the historian they are useless; for, even before we recovered such words as *svapnas*, "sleep," *ad*, "to eat," *dakru*, "tear," *mar*, "to die," *kard*, "the heart," &c., we knew that our ancestors ate, slept, wept, and died before us. The point is rather to hunt up that minority of vocables which the historian would value for their decided indicative character—to collect these as completely as may be done—and to make the most of their evidence by arrangement in groups and exhaustive consideration. This is the task which M. Pictet has undertaken.

He begins with the question, whether there was any name current during the Unity by which our people denoted themselves in contradistinction to surrounding tribes, and which we, therefore, might now appropriate to the stock? To find such a name would certainly be a gain, for, at present, we are at a loss how to call them. "Indo-European" is unwieldy, and not wholly accurate. "Indo-Germanic" is rather worse. Rask's term, "Japhetic," as opposed to Shemitic, involves an unwarranted assumption. M. Pictet comes to the conclusion, as some great scholars had done before him, that they called themselves *Arya*; hence, he has on his title-page, *les Aryas Primitifs*. But it is as yet impossible to show that this name was familiar to any of the six families except the Hindus and Persians. We fear, therefore, that we must restrict it to the Asiatic family alone. The Greek, Latin, German, and Slavonic families know nothing of it. Neither do the Celts; for the identification of the old name *Erinn* with *Arya* is very doubtful, since it seems rather to be connected with the Irish word *iar*, western, the Sanskrit *avara*. It is a pity that Bopp did not invent some term for his old, vanished people; for thoroughly new notions should always be denoted by new words. If he had, for instance, called them "the Fathers," their own original word *patar* (i. e., *pater*, *πατήρ*, Zend *patar*, Sanskrit *pitar*, Irish *athir*, English *father*) would have served the purpose. We could then speak of the *Patar* language, the *Pataric* stock, the *Patarian* degree of civilization, &c.

Having discussed the name, M. Pictet proceeds to the question of locality. He examines all those words which seem calculated to teach us what country, or at least what kind of country, the Indo-Europeans dwelt in at the beginning. The commonly received hypothesis, drawn from Zend traditions, from Vedic indications, and a variety of historical arguments, is that it was about the region of the Oxus, where afterwards Bactria flourished. This would place the cradle of our stock north of Iran and east of the Caspian. M. Pictet adopts this view, and supports it by lexical evidence of surprising fulness. This he discusses with great acuteness. Such words as "snow," "ice," "winter," "spring," point away from any tropical locality; whilst the presence of terms for the characteristics of mountainous regions, such as "torrent," "valley," "rock," &c., is against the claims of any dead plain, like Turan or Russia, to be considered the primitive home of our ancestors. The existence of words for "the sea," but the absence of any for ebb and flood, would be explained by the vicinity of the Caspian. The fauna again, including the domesticated animals, and the flora, which are represented by the Indo-European glossary, agree very well with the locality fixed upon.

With the geographical argument, which in many ways must be the basis for nearly all the other points, the whole first volume is taken up. The discussion of those words which relate more immediately to the state of civilization is to follow in the second volume, which will therefore at least equal, and probably outdo, the first in general interest; for there all those beautiful coincidences will be brought together of which already a great number lie scattered through the copious literature of the linguistic school. The practical arts, like metallurgy, cooking, brewing, spinning, sewing, offer many words of importance. There will also appear the rich evidence of pastoral life, which Professor Max Müller has already rendered popular by his charming and learned Oxford Essay. So, too, the beginnings of the settled agricultural state, of the knowledge of the cereals, the building of houses and villages, will be traced. There also will be produced the very complete glossary of family-relationships, the vocables for political ideas, crime, punishment, property, inheritance, labour, slavery, &c. &c. Again, all that can be learned concerning such subjects as poetry, singing, dancing, dice-playing, and so forth, will there find a place. Lastly, there will be the important sphere of religion and mythology, where the brilliant researches of Burnouf, Grimm, R. Roth, Kuhn, and Max Müller have already laid the foundations of a special new science—Comparative Mythology. We are not in a position to anticipate what the exact level of the primitive Indo-European civilization will appear to have been when M. Pictet shall have completed his work. This much, however, we know already, that the linguistic evidence traces the outlines of the picture

with sufficient distinctness to allow us to recognise its likeness in every one of the six families.

When the problem of the Unity shall be completely exhausted, the gain resulting from it for all our archaeological and paleo-historical investigations will be very apparent. At present the histories of our nations begin as it were in the middle, and float half in the air; then each will naturally have to start from the Unity, and they will all rest there on a common basis. This has already been attempted in some recent German histories of Greece and Rome, by Schwegler, Duncker, Mommsen, and others. As a rational Greek or Latin grammar cannot now ignore the original Indo-European mother-tongue, so mythology, archaeology—possibly even the history of the national poetry of each of the six families—will all have to go back to the common prototype. This will impart to these studies a clearness and completeness not known in them hitherto.

It is peculiarly satisfactory that the more we realize the Unity the more completely vanishes that mist of bottomless antiquity which has given entrance to all kinds of confusing theories. It now turns out that our Indo-Europeans, Hindus, Celts, Greeks, are decidedly young—much younger than the Egyptians or the races of the Euphrates country. M. Pictet, merely incidentally, assigns about 3000 years before Christ as the probable date of the Unity; but we see no reason, so far as philology is concerned, why we should not place it a full thousand years later. It becomes decidedly defined and limited, and therefore all the more tangible and tractable.

Another great gain which we owe to comparative philology is, that it dissipates that dream of our original Orientalism which has been the source of such visionary ideas. In spite of their coming from an Eastern locality, there was absolutely nothing of the specifically Oriental about our Indo-European families. With the Babylonians, Hebrews, Phœnicians, Egyptians, they have no demonstrable genetic connexion whatsoever. What Eastern influences of culture can be traced in the European nations date altogether from a later period; and if the Hindus and Persians became Orientalized, they did so by departing from their original character, as we learn by the evidence of the Veda.

In speaking of the doctrine of the Unity as we do, we speak in a great measure of a thing of the future. It involves investigations which cannot be achieved in one day or by one man. Neither is the science of comparative philology able to solve the whole problem by itself. Archaeologists in every branch must set to work afresh, both to recover the knowledge of the Unity as it originally was, and to analyse its latent remnants still existing in the six families. Philology has already achieved much, and must always retain the lead, because it is not only the safest guide but also the most universal, for words mirror all things. But here, too, an immensity is to be done. If all is to rest on words, the words of each language must first be made accessible—we must have trustworthy lexicons. Of Irish and Welsh, for instance, there are none, their best being full of impudent fabrications. This is a disgrace; and, till the learned British public becomes sufficiently enlightened on this fact, so as to demand and support the publication of reliable dictionaries of these two important Indo-European dialects, history and philology must continue to suffer every day from the want of them. Of the Vedic Sanskrit a complete lexicon is only now being printed. Two German scholars edit it—the Russian Government pays for it. As long as it is unfinished the etymologist is at a great disadvantage, for it will form by far his most powerful instrument. Indeed, for this question of the Unity, the one Veda outdoes all the other records of the Indo-European stock put together. We pore over this earliest document of our race with somewhat of the same emotion as an aged man would feel over the suddenly recovered, long lost diary of his boyhood.

Before concluding our notice of M. Pictet's work, we might be expected to enter into details and criticise isolated points on which we may disagree with him. This, however, could scarcely be done without abstruse grammatical discussion. Neither do we consider it necessary. M. Pictet offers the results of his researches principally as material for that final treatment which the subject is to find one day; and, as such, every intelligent reader, and especially the linguist, will accept his book with gratitude. He acknowledges with great candour what he owes to the labours of the linguistic school. Next to Grimm, we must specially point out the name of Adalbert Kuhn, who, indeed, was the first to sketch the subject of which M. Pictet is now painting a large and elaborate picture. To M. Pictet we must certainly assign the merit of having been the first to attempt it in its whole ambit. We bid him bate no jot of heart or hope as he proceeds with his work, and now part from him with the words of the great Roman, who perhaps, of all men of antiquity, would have most delighted in his researches: *etiam non adsecutus voluisse abunde pulchrum atque magnificum est.*

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT IN HEAVY CLAYS.*

THE fact of England's decay, which seems now to be universally acknowledged, is attributed to various shortcomings by the many friendly voices that warn us of our doom. M. de Montalembert sees it in the well-known unanimity of the hundred million Roman Catholics whom we have made our foes by doing nothing. Mr. Bright imputes it to the horrible enormity

* *A Tractate on Language.* By Gordon Willoughby James Gyll, Esq., of Wraysbury, Bucks. London: Bohn. 1859.

of taxing the poor man's gin; and Mr. Meehi looks on it as a just retribution for the suppression of the British cesspool. For our part, we have been led to see it in the suppression of another institution, not less vital to the greatness of England—we mean the British squire. The ruthless peregrinations of the school-master are gradually birching off the earth that typical representative of English nationality. In due time, no doubt, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Stanley will succeed in sending every heir-at-law to the Civil Service Examiners before he is allowed to take possession; and then the red-faced, gaitered, brass-buttoned admiration of our youth will have wholly disappeared. Have our educationists sufficiently considered what sort of successor he will have? It is a beautiful thing to clear a *carrière ouverte* for the aspiring and intellectual artisan; but have they reflected on the awful results of pumping learning into louts? It is easy to be enthusiastic about education at Liverpool and Bradford; but the march of intellect assumes a much less dignified gait when it gets among the hedgerows of the midland counties. Books and examinations will not convert Boeotians into Athenians, or squires into sages, any more than constant jingling will turn a penny into a half-crown. A race of literary landlords, if ever the educationists should succeed in engendering it, will be a sore trial to the Muse.

The principal value of the book before us consists in the insight which it gives us into our literary future. The production of highly-trained dunces is no new experiment, nor is there anything strange in the unfortunate subjects of it being afflicted with the mania of composition. When the brain has been filled up to a certain point, whether its acquisitions be muddy or clear, it is very apt to overflow into print; and the smaller its capacity of course the more rapid is this result. But up to this time, by a happy provision of nature, only those dunces have over-trained themselves who have been forced into it by their pecuniary necessities, and who have consequently been too poor to publish what no public would read. Rich dunces have, as a rule, not cared to undergo the drudgery of training themselves up to publishing point. But this self-adjusting machinery is being rapidly forced out of gear by the plague of question and answer that overspreads the land, and by the high-pressure fashion of teaching which is its result; and we fear that its consequences will be the production of a whole literature of such works as that of Gordon Willoughby James Gyll, Esq., of Wraysbury, Bucks. We imagine Mr. Gyll's condition of mind to be very much that of a young man of slender abilities who has been aspiring enough to aim at the noble prize of a Government clerkship. The candidate painfully studies the vast encyclopædia of historical, scientific, and philological literature prescribed by those who well know the tremendous responsibilities of a clerkship; and in hopeless confusion of mind he is examined and inevitably plucked. But as he is too sad and too poor to publish, no human eye save that of the examiner is permitted to see the awful chaos of his mind. More fortunately for himself than for the public, there has been no such obstacle to impede Mr. Gyll's full intellectual communion with his fellow-men. He has read laboriously and widely; he has devoured English, French, and Latin classics and critics by the yard; he has a smattering of German, has some knowledge of Greek, and has dabbled in Persian, Gothic, and Chinese. He has not neglected history and theology, and has taken some interest in vital statistics; and he obviously thinks it time to reap the harvest of all this labour in a rich crop of literary fame. Accordingly he publishes his note-book under the title of *A Tractate on Language*. In the preface he informs us that he does not "offer this compilation as a derivative treatise on language"—whatever that may be; but "if in some of his etyma or applications the writer may differ from his predecessors in this track of verbal indagation, he feels that good reasons can be assigned for the opinions enunciated, and that in them affiance may be reposed notwithstanding the objections which may reasonably arise when submitted to the crucible." We have never put objections into a crucible, and therefore we don't know what the result might be; but we doubt if it would make them "reasonably arise." The work that follows this lucid preface evidently records the wanderings of a mind that was once sane, before its owner was tempted to improve it. It is not merely disorderly, but there is no vestige of order or of plan. The author, whose reading has been chiefly philological, seems to have put down every remark exactly as it occurred to him, without stopping to inquire whether it had the faintest connexion with the remark that preceded it or the remark that was coming after. One sentence will be an eccentric piece of etymology—the next will be an attack on Dr. Johnson, which will be followed by a patriotic laudation of the English language, to be succeeded by an onslaught upon the Roman Catholics—after which another still madder piece of etymology. In one place he begins a discussion on the letters which the Romans used for numerals. This reminds him of the Apocalypse, and he forthwith starts a new theory on the number of the beast, according to which it stands for the name of Mahomet. Having made this discovery, it occurs to him that "that sect of Christians styled Roman Catholics" dispute the applicability of the said mystic number to their Church, "for the name must be that of a man, and St. Peter was their first Caput and Primate"—a reason almost as mysterious as the celebrated 666 itself. But Mr. Gyll proceeds, with great zeal and an abundant display of ecclesiastical learning, to solve the novel question whether St. Peter ever was at Rome; and having done this to

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his satisfaction, he forgets all about his Roman numerals, and closes the chapter with a stanza from Dr. Watts. In the same spirit, he concludes his rambling *Tractate on Language* with a chapter on the Computation of Time, and a discussion of the comparative longevity of men and women. The following is a good specimen of the ease with which he enlivens the dry details of philology by the occasional admixture of lighter matter:—

The Cambrian or Kymracan tongue is Welsh or Gaelic, and the Walloon or Gallon is a dialect of Gallic.

The French tongue, like the Castilian, was styled in its infancy the Romance tongue, which was the language of the Troubadours, from *trova*, a fiction—*trovare*, invent. Parler Roman, meant speak French, temp. Charles V. of France, 14th century. The oldest French poem was written about the time of William the Conqueror, who was a Norman or North-man, and not a Frenchman. So it cannot be alleged that the French conquered England.

The Troubadours were identified in character and spirit with the Welsh harpers, temp. Edward I., and with the Gaelic bagpipers. These erratic bards degraded themselves by *licentiousness*, and were suppressed like the Knight Templars, and subsequently the Jesuits, who, for their *inordinate* arrogance were expelled all Europe, and found refuge at last in the Protestant State of Frederick the Great, of Prussia. In what Romanist country, under such circumstances, would Protestants have found it?

To get from the Welsh bards to Frederick the Great in six lines is no mean exploit. But in describing his arrangement we have only described one quarter of our author's peculiar ingenuity. Of the matter which this arrangement comprises, we can only say that many an honest man has been given over to Dr. Sutherland for less. We will take a specimen from the first ten pages. Since the days of

Oh! that my tongue could bleat of buttered peas,
Engendering windmills on the British Seas,

we do not believe that it has been surpassed by anything in print. If it had been intended as a burlesque of some of the wilder German etymologists, it would have been rather happy. Mark the opening inference:—

ON THE VERB DO.

To is the verb to do; hence it is a substantive. The act, as eat, do eat, eating, are quite synonymous. Endo, in fact, into, or elliptically either in or into. Gradiendo endo-gredi—inflammando, which is, do or to inflame. Hence the infinitive and participle are the same, and in English both used substantively, as, inuendo—the doing. In Greek and Latin, and modern tongues, all are identical with the infinitive—Dietu quam re facilius—Endo urbe, for in urbe. See 12 Tables. Non est solvendo—he is insolvent. Radix est edendo—the root is edible. And means continuation; End, endo, and was the termination of all our vulgarly termed participles present; but in reality correspondent to our Latin gerunds. Hand is continuation; Hend, endo; Rolling, rollend stone. Volvendus lapis. An and histan, in Persian, is to have—haben, an or en is to—endo. Do is involved in eth, and did in eth. He asketh—doth he?

Dede, now spelled dead, is the participle of the verb to do—and is not derived from to die. Crucified, dede and buried. The quick and the dede. To do means tuer, to do in Latin, 12 Tables. Duid is, Killa. He is done—Done to death by envious tongues. Done is the ancient do on, down. Go to, is only go do—or go away, or elegantly away. To eat is pleasant. To is the verb do here, and is a substantive—the act—as eat and eating are synonymous—I do you to wit, means I give you to understand.

But this is not always our author's view with respect to the unlucky preposition "to." A little further on he propounds another view in regard to it; and as he appends to his exposition a sort of anathema, we are not bold enough to pass it over:—

To have and to owe. The man that oweth this girdle, that hath, &c. L'homme à qui est cette ceinture. Virum cuius vel cui est Zona hæc. J'ai du, I owed, or ought.

What you have of another is due, hence habeo and esse are identical. This is primitive diction, ab, hab, debere, devoir, identical. To is the reciprocal of dû in French. Qui doit faire cela? who is to do that—that is, who shall, or ought to do that? These affinities are obvious to all but those destined to be only hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Alas, for us miserable Gideonites! Not only are we wholly unequal to the understanding of the above simple reasoning, but we are still more blind to a host of other "obvious affinities," of which the book is full. We are told that the letter *a* is a diphthong, composed of *o* and *i*, and yet we are too dull to see it. In vain is it revealed to us for the first time that the "us" in Dominus is merely the article *os* put at the end; that the "en" in mistaken is only the preposition "in" put after the word mistake ("in a mistake"); or that the Latin genitive in *s* is merely the remains of the preposition *ex* added to the nominative. If we were not the veriest hewers of wood and drawers of water, we should see at once that the infinitive in *ire* is only an addition to the verb of the word "re," "in fact," that bad is derived from bayed, and that "against" is a mere contraction from "gainsaid." We must own that we are equally disinclined to admit that "swum" ought to be written "swoom"; or that *gh* assumes the power of *k* in the word "laugh." But if we are incapable of seeing these obvious truths, and many another like them, we can at least admire the originality of the following translation:—

The glowing lines in Virgil—

"Ferte citi flammæ, date vela, impellite remos,

Infelix Dido,"—Virgil,

may be thus rendered:—Quick, snatch the brands, set sail, impetuous row—Lost, lost Eliza.

After this, a strange suspicion will suggest itself, to which we scarcely know how to give utterance. Can it be that so grave a publisher as Mr. Bohn has been playing off a *mauvaise plaisanterie* on us reviewers by tricking us into seriously criticising the pastime of some harmless lunatic? If so, most of our readers will applaud the wisdom of the patient's medical attendants in selecting such subjects as philology and the computation of time as the most unexciting studies to which he could possibly be set down.

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